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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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June

Constance Bennett

MAY 13 1933

Joan Bennett Talks about Sister Constance

Amelia Earhart Looks at the Films • Exclusive!

Why I Married Fredric March by Florence Eldridge March

REDUCE

5 pounds this week with the proven method of a prominent New York physician

REDUCE 5 pounds during the next week. You can—surely, safely and without discomfort. This sensational statement is not merely an advertising claim—it is our absolute money-back guarantee.

Take Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets according to the instructions found in each package and like hundreds of others you will probably remove 5 pounds the very first week.

You will feel better, look better and be better. You will realize why fashionable and famous patients have built a reputation for Dr. McCaskey that makes him an acknowledged authority on weight control.

55 Pounds Reduction in 6 Weeks

Dr. McCaskey's case reports to medical journals have been sensational. He has shown cases where followers of his method have lost 125 pounds, reductions as much as 55 pounds in 6 weeks.

His prescription is not a physic—it positively contains no thyroid, no drugs, nothing that could harm a baby. No drastic diets are necessary, no exercises, nothing that materially interferes with your regular habits or comfort.

Reduce Where You Want to Reduce

Follow the instructions of the remarkable booklet found in each package and see how easily you can reduce abdomen, legs, ankles, hips or any other part of your body you particularly want to reduce.

Even though you are only a few pounds overweight but are constantly fighting a battle with fat you will find Dr. McCaskey's method will enable you to control your weight with comfort. And you will feel brighter, clearer and happier and look better in the size of garments you ought to be wearing.

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DONALD McCASKEY, M. D.

Recognized authority on weight control. His fine thirty year record as a physician brought him such honors as Fellowship in the New York Academy of Medicine, Membership in the Medical Society of the County of New York and an Officer's Commission in the Medical Corps of the Army. He is a licensed physician and surgeon in both New York and Pennsylvania. He has lectured and written on weight control for medical journals and magazines of general circulation.

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Dispensary Supply Co.,
67 W. 44th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Send me 3 packages of Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets with booklet enclosed. I will pay the postman $2.50 and the few cents postage. It is understood that I may return the packages at any time and that you will refund my money immediately.

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Worries over a Gray Hair
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums
and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage.*

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

4MAY -3 1933

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Katharine Hepburn, newest movie "glamor-girl"

The Last Word in "Glamor"

WELL, maybe not quite the last word. Such a fascinating subject as Glamor will never be exhausted. But we are going to give you the last word—to date. Why not? We were the first to tell you about Glamor in its relation to screen actresses. No—we're not claiming to have invented Glamor. Eve did that, closely followed by Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Greta Garbo, and a few other girls, or so we've heard. But we do undertake to give you an entirely fresh slant on this Glamor business. Clemence Dane, celebrated English author of "A Bill of Divorcement," "Broome Stages," and other popular books and plays, who is now in Hollywood writing screen stories, has been persuaded to give us her views, and as you might expect, they make provocative reading. It was as a Clemence Dane heroine that Katharine Hepburn, our latest exponent of the good old art of Glamor, made her first screen success. Miss Dane should know. She *does* know!

See July SCREENLAND on sale May 25th

June, 1933

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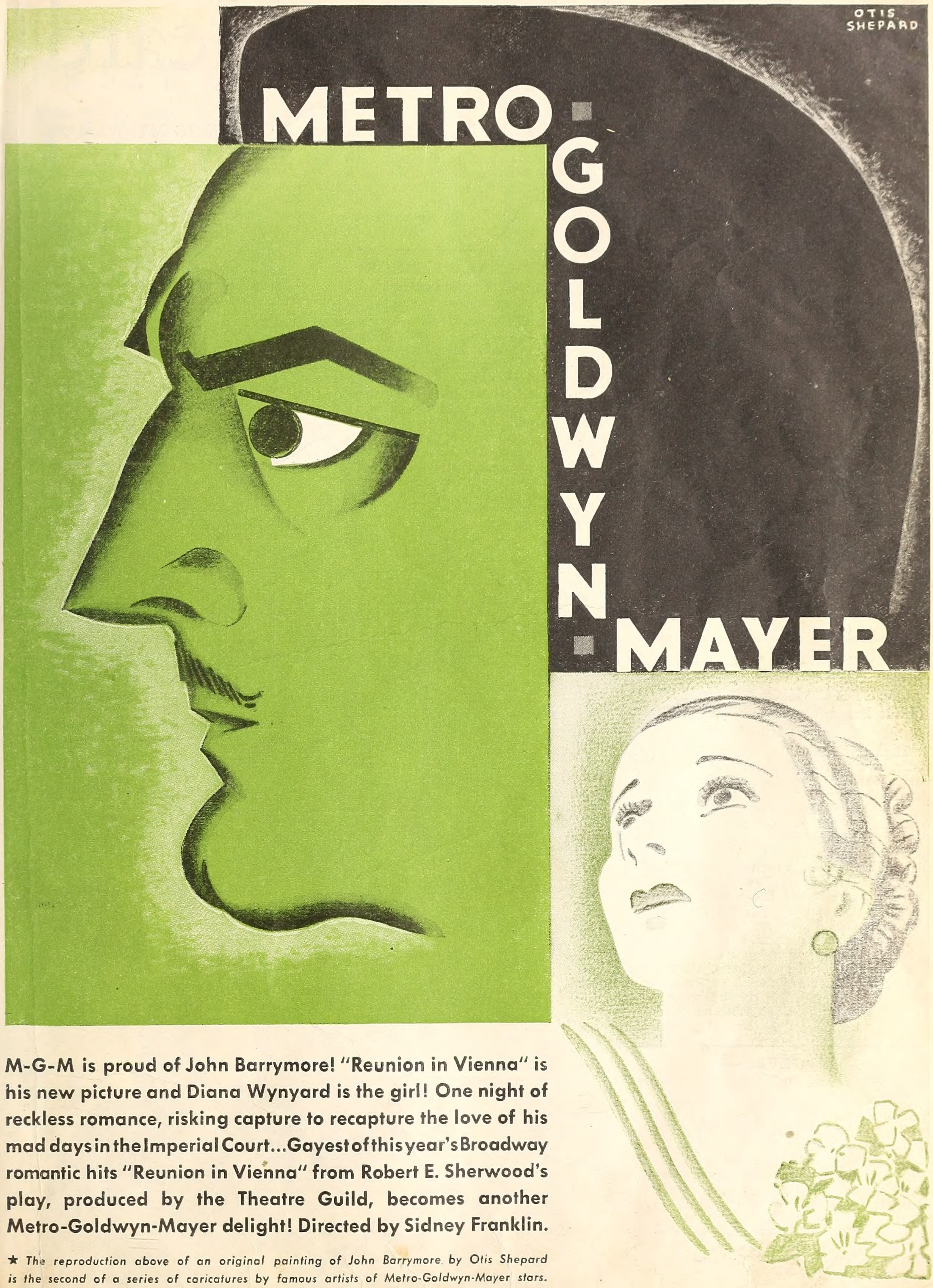


M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court...Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ *The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.*

The Public Be Heard!

The fun has begun! In the April issue we called for your comments on the following question relating to present-day movies:

Should the screen stars put their personalities foremost in their rôles? Or should they hide their individual characters in the parts they play?

The answering flood of letters proved that the picture public is very much on its toes. Letters have poured in from East, West, North and South—letters serious and gay, excited and judicial, on both sides of the question. Those favoring the subordination of actors' personalities win the argument by sheer force of numbers; but there are many able and convincing arguments on both sides. Read those printed herewith, and form your own verdict!

Other movie topics come in for the usual amount of discussion, not to mention some enthusiastic "raves" for individual favorites.

And now here's this month's "bone of contention":

Must a motion picture end happily to be entertaining? Or should unhappy endings be permitted for the sake of dramatic truth?

How do you feel about that? And why? Do you demand logical, consistent endings to your screen stories, as in "I Am a Fugitive" and "A Farewell to Arms"? Or do you insist upon being sent away with a smile? Write and tell us all about it. The best letters will be printed in this department, and will be eligible for the prizes of $20, $10, $5, and $5 offered monthly. Whether you prefer to write on the above topic or on some other movie matter of the moment, take your pen in hand and win yourself a prize!

Keep your letters within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address the "Public be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

ACTORS SHOULD ACT!
(First Prize Letter in "Personality" discussion)

The stars should by all means forget their own personalities in their rôles, and strive to become the characters they are portraying.

True enough, I have my screen favorites whom I try not to miss; but they *are* my favorites less because of some charming personal characteristic than because I can depend upon them to give good performances. Their names have become, as it were, a guarantee of fine acting. Experience shows that the popular personality is apt to have but a short "day," and soon become as out-dated as a popular song, whereas the actor can go on indefinitely.

Actors, in briefer language, should be actors and not mere mannikins.

D. H. Chapman,
1532 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

HOWEVER—
(Second Prize Letter)

Personality is that magic something that makes the artist. No actress can afford to lose her individuality in the characters she portrays.

Gifted writers and painters can work on the same subjects, but they invariably express themselves differently. Should they attempt to imitate others, their charm is gone.

It is the same with artists of the screen. Personality is a gift of the gods. To keep their popularity and do their best work, the stars must be their natural selves. A man by the name of William Shakespeare expressed it long ago in a few words, which still hold good today:

"To thine own self be true,
And it doth follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Mrs. Joe Miller,
423 North Pine St.,
Charlotte, N. C.

THAT TRACY TERROR!
(Third Prize Letter)

After seeing "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," one is compelled to realize that it is through the efforts and acting of such players as Spencer Tracy that the talkies have been raised to their present high place as an art.

One marvels before those last great scenes of his, and leaves knowing that one has been face to face with something vastly greater than merely an evening's entertainment. Such power, such genuine emotion, and such true-to-life acting are the indubitable mark of a real artist.

So please let me thank Mr. Tracy here for his splendid work, and for the study and concentration he must have put into that rôle.

Rhea E. McCann,
Pacific Grove, Calif.

AMAZING MYRNA LOY
(Fourth Prize Letter)

Myrna Loy has gone and done it—she's got herself "discovered" at last! After having seen her in "The Animal Kingdom" and "Topaze," there can no longer be any doubt that she is a lovely and gifted actress, and not merely a player of exotic character parts.

Miss Loy rose to the top rung slowly, silently, but surely, and now we all stand amazed, and wonder why it took us so long to discover her. Of course, she was typed too much and cast in unsympathetic parts; and one just took her acting for granted. But just try to put someone else in those parts, and see what would happen.

Here's to your continued success, Miss Loy, and your future stardom!

Virginia Perry,
460 W. 24th St.,
New York City.

WE CAN'T IMAGINE!

Screen stars should, by all means, put their personalities foremost in their rôles.

Imagine ZaSu Pitts playing a Norma

(*Continued on page 86*)

Spencer Tracy's hard-hitting and intensely human characterizations win him the bulk of this month's plaudits from picture-goers. See him give one of his most compelling performances in his next picture, "The Power and the Glory."

IT WILL MAKE "FRISCO JENNY" TURN PALE

Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933—model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »

RUTH
CHATTERTON
in
"LILLY TURNER"

with

GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelly
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. *again!*

ASK ME!

You ask, we answer!

By Miss Vee Dee

Carol Ann. Richard Arlen has a host of admirers who have watched his work, step by step, and know he will always give a sincere portrayal of any character assigned him. He was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlottesville, Va., the son of James and Mary Van Mattimore. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. While attending St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minn., he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He trained in England and after receiving a lieutenant's commission, served as a pilot in taking planes to the front. After the close of the war, he entered the University of Minn., but other plans prevented his finishing school. He can recall 34 pictures he has worked in and many more in which he played very minor parts. First release was "Vengeance of the Deep" in 1923. His new film is "College Humor," with Jack Oakie, and Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen of radio fame.

Mrs. Ada G. You expect to "wait on our door step" until we give you a full-page picture of your favorite, Buck Jones. Why wait outside—step in and we'll see what can be done about Buck's picture. And in the meantime don't miss Buck's release, "Unknown Valley."

Virginia A. Since making "Delicious" Raul Roulien has appeared with Joan Bennett and John Boles in "Careless Lady" and has been seen in a few minor parts but his admirers insist on some big parts in a big way. I do not know of any phonograph records Ramon Novarro has made which are for sale. As you undoubtedly know, your favorite, John Gilbert, has taken unto himself a fourth bride, the blonde Virginia Bruce. They were married in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot, last August 10.

Anastasia Z. Sorry I haven't the cast of "For the Love of Fanny," featuring Glenn Tryon. It was a short subject film. Bob Steele's new picture is "Law of the West" with Nancy Drexel. "Unknown Valley" with Cecelia Parker is Buck Jones' latest offering. Janet Gaynor is 25, Glenn Tryon is 33, Paul Muni, of "Fugitive" fame, is 35, and Sylvia Sidney is 22. Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy played together in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In 1917, Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien made the silent film for Paramount of Kate Douglas Wiggin's popular book.

Mrs. Grieda L. No one could turn in more delightful portrayals than Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles. It was Roland who was the king in Pola Negri's talking picture "A Woman Commands." Both Roland and Charlie scored a tremendous hit in "This is the Night" with Lily Damita. Willard Robertson was *Newman* in "Shanghied Love." He was Jackie Cooper's father in "Skippy" and "Sooky." David Wark Griffith is very much alive and is still directing pictures now and then. Edward Earle is also among those present and plays in an occasional picture. He belongs to the Masquers' Club and if you look "right sharp" you may see him in some of their farces on the screen.

The Hungarian Goulash. I'll take vanilla in mine. You want the dope, the whole dope, and nothing but the dope on Maureen O'Sullivan. She was born May 17, 1911, in Rascommon, Ireland. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at the Sacred Heart Academy in Dublin. First picture experience was with John McCormick in "Song O' My Heart." You may remember her in "Just Imagine" with El Brendel, Marjorie White, John Garrick and Frank Albertson. You saw Maureen in "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. She has completed a second "Tarzan" film with Johnny Weissmuller.

Mary G. It would mean a lot to you and countless other fans to see Frances Starr again. She made her first screen appearance in "Five Star Final" with Edward Robinson, H. B. Warner, Anthony Bushell and Marian Marsh. Later she was in "The Star Witness" with Chic Sale and others. Frances was born June 6, 1886, in Oneonta, New York. She was on the stage in 1901, appearing in a number of stage successes for several years.

Nina S. There is really a Juliette Compton and she is neither Joyce, Fay, nor Betty Compton. Juliette was born in Columbus, Ga. She lived in England for ten years, and has been in American pictures about two years. She is the wife of James Bertram, an Englishman, and they have a four-year-old daughter.

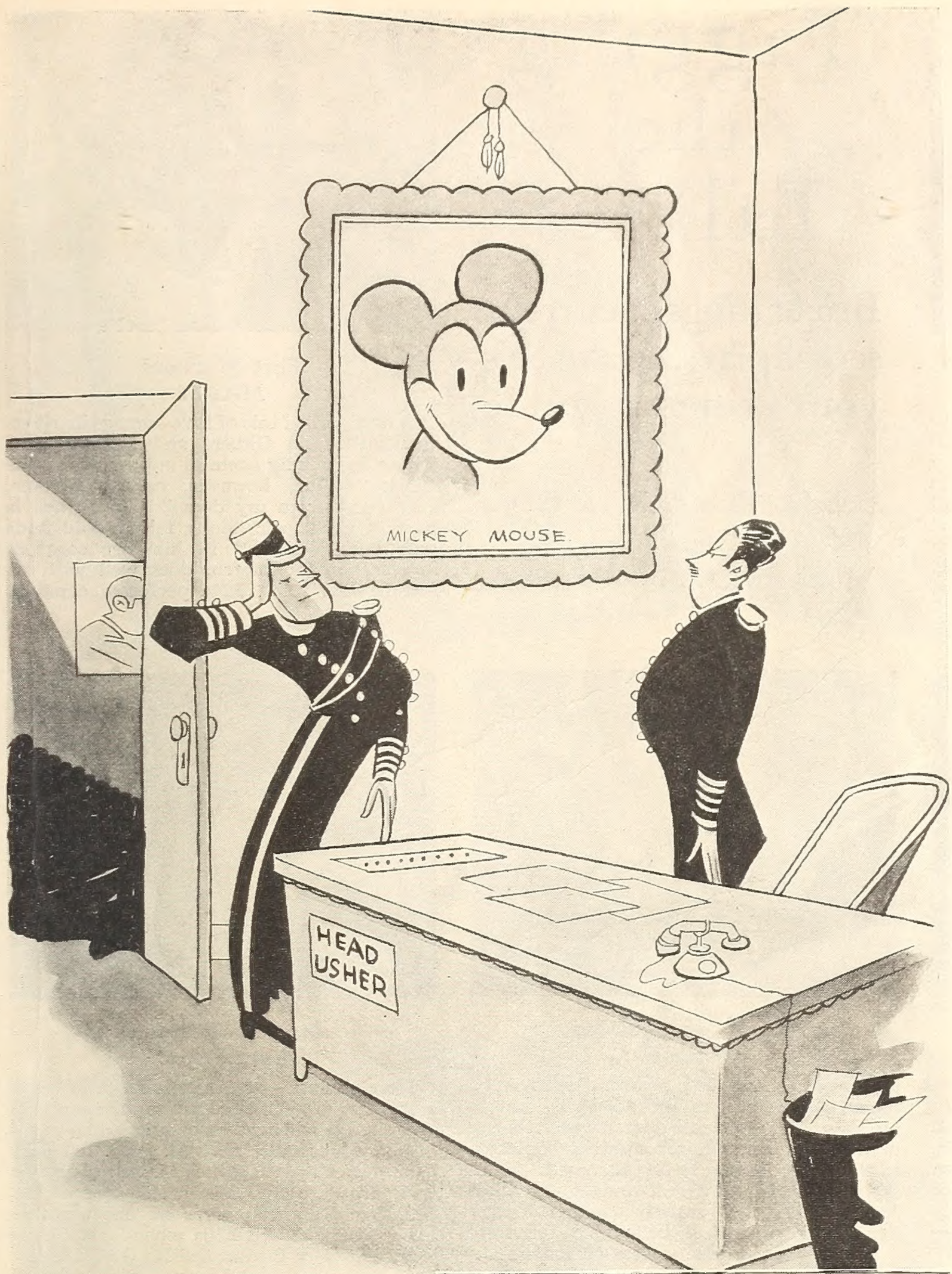
Miss F. K. Clark Gable's father was William Gable of Cadiz, Ohio, and not Max Gable, the Jewish actor of New York. Clark appeared in "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer. He first attracted attention as the "heavy" in "The Painted Desert." Then in his first films for M-G-M he assumed similar rôles, made better for him because the audience was left in suspense for a while as to the extent of his villainy. Remember him in "Night Nurse" with Barbara Stanwyck? Bad old meanie! But he went tough again in "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow, and more Gable-ish than ever in "No Man of Her Own," with Carole Lombard. Watch for him in "Nora," opposite Jean Harlow.

Pretty Polly. You don't want a cracker, do you? Mary Brian, often called "The sweetest girl in Hollywood," is about 23 years old and not married. Mary's latest picture is "Girl Missing," with Ben Lyon. Ralph Bellamy's releases are "Young America," "The Woman in Room 13," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Air Mail" and "Second-Hand Wife." Leslie Howard's real name is Leslie Stainer. His home life is an ideal one—he is devoted to his wife and two children and is never separated from them. Don't miss him in "Berkley Square," a picturization of his Broadway stage success.

"Yo-ho-ho and an ice-cold bottle of beer!" sings that old salt, Richard Arlen. Dick is Head Man of this department this month.

Ethel N. P. You'd like pictures of Robert Montgomery in every issue! Swell for you and Bob but how about the three or four other good actors? Robert appeared in "Blondie of the Follies" with Marion Davies and Billie Dove, who had a wonderful time on the screen, fighting over your favorite. Bob was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He was married to Elizabeth Allan on April 14, 1928. And—they're still married. Watch for Bob in "Hell Below."

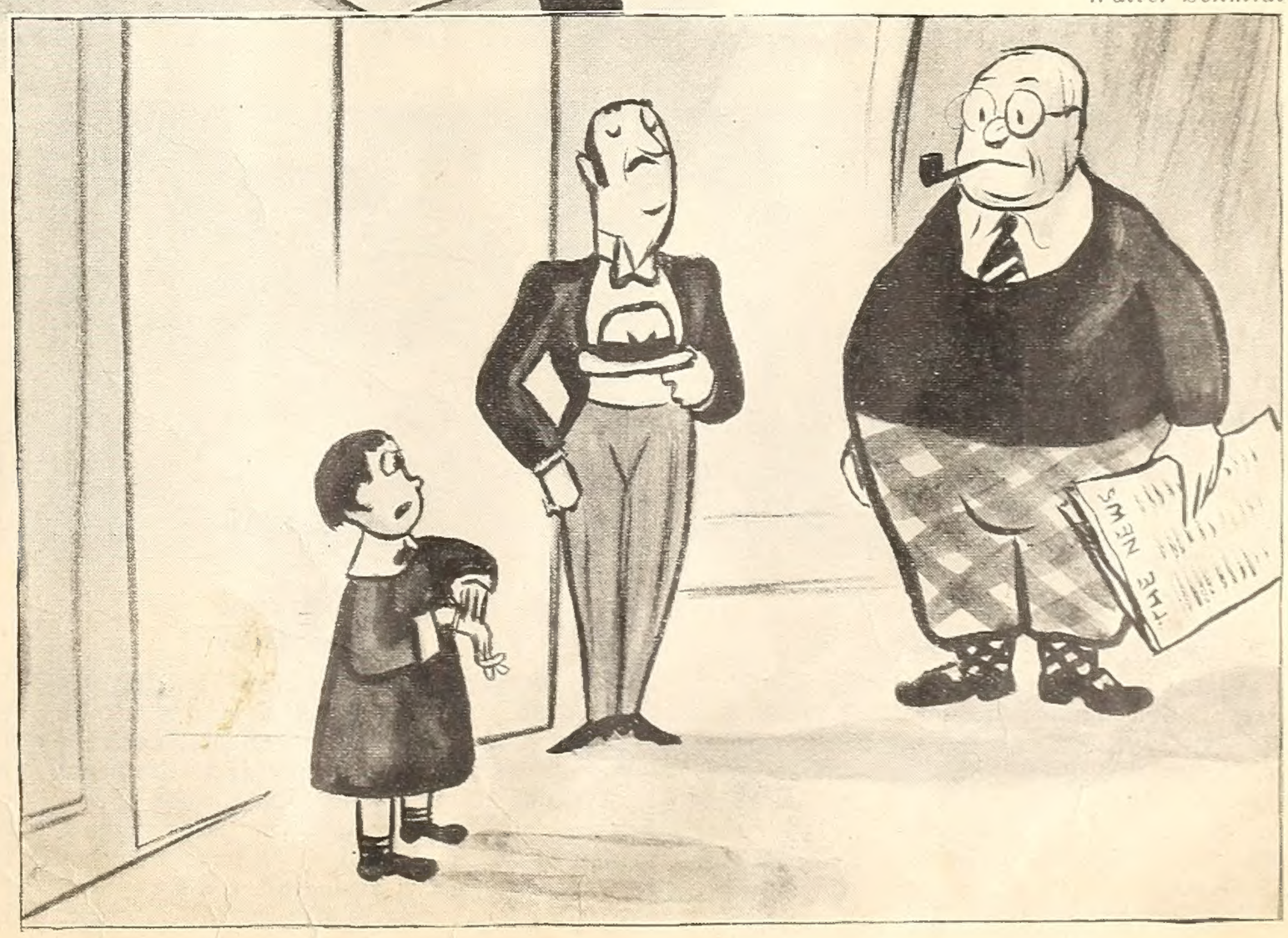
Our Own Laughies



Usher: "Captain, I have to report three meows and one P-s-s-s-t during the running of the Mickey Mouse film!"

Fred Neher

Walter Schmidt



Kid Star: "Father, I've decided to send you to school—it's about time you learned a vocation!"

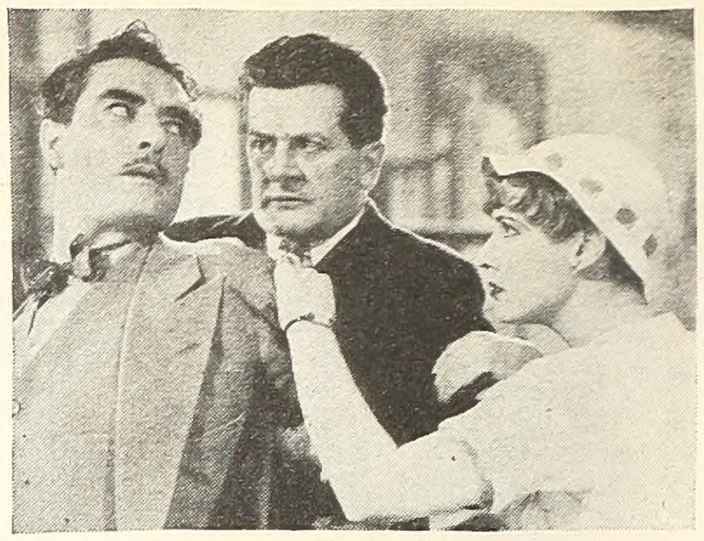
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 56.
More reviews on Page 88.

Christopher Strong
RKO

Katharine Hepburn's second picture presents her as a dashing aviatrix with mid-Victorian romantic ideas. The long lanky glamor-gal goes love-lorn, scaling the skies in lonely grandeur and finally ending-it-all in far from modern fashion. You'll like the fascinating Hepburn, and the very English Colin Clive, and charming Billie Burke. But give Hepburn a better story, *pronto*.

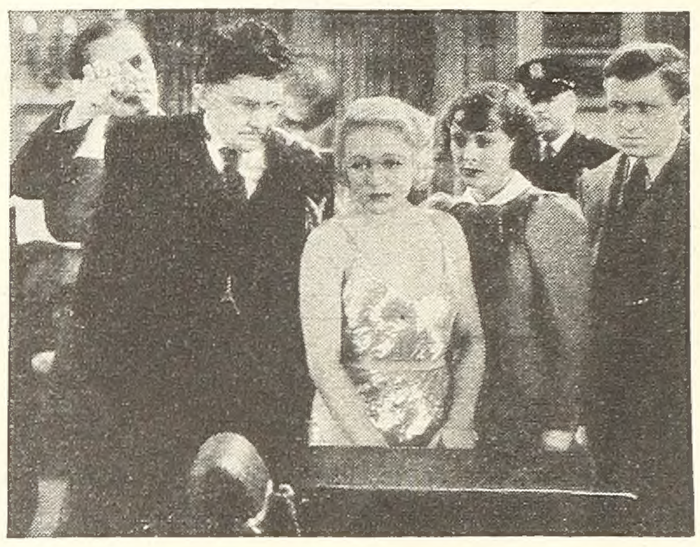


Fast Workers
M-G-M

A hard-boiled tale of love among the riveters, with John Gilbert and Robert Armstrong as friendly enemies in pursuit of Mae Clarke. Mae, however, cries, "Riveter, stay away from my door!" After Jack is hurt in a fall, she finally relents and finds true love. Gilbert, in his last contract appearance for Metro, does well with an uncongenial rôle. Mae performs capably.

Sailor's Luck
Fox

Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn disport themselves agreeably in this slightly silly picture of the sailor's-sweetheart school. Their love triumphs over many mishaps, quarrels, and mutual socks in the jaw. None of it makes much sense, but it's nice and noisy and everybody has a lot of fairly clean fun. Sally looks nicer—and slimmer—than you've seen her in some time.



The Crime of the Century
Paramount

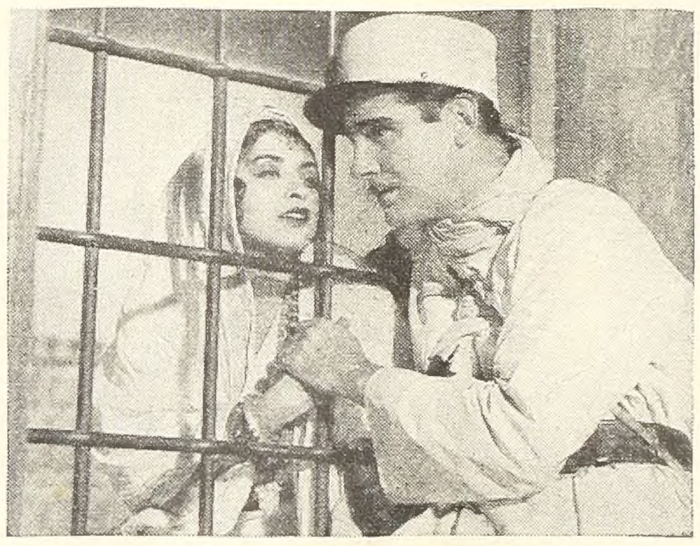
Here's a new idea in murder mystery films—and it makes for absorbing entertainment. A reputable doctor who feels the urge to hypnotize and rob a patient confesses to the police, asking to be restrained. Then the patient is murdered, and—guess who! Jean Hersholt is superb as the doctor, Stu Erwin makes a believable reporter-sleuth, Frances Dee a pleasant ingénue.

Strictly Personal
Paramount

Here you are—you lookers for "different" story ideas! This concerns a couple of "on the up and up" ex-convicts who run a "Lonely Hearts" club. All goes well until a former cell-mate makes himself a partner and turns the club into a chiseling racket. Marjorie Rambeau gives an ace performance, with Edward Ellis second. Romance by Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan.

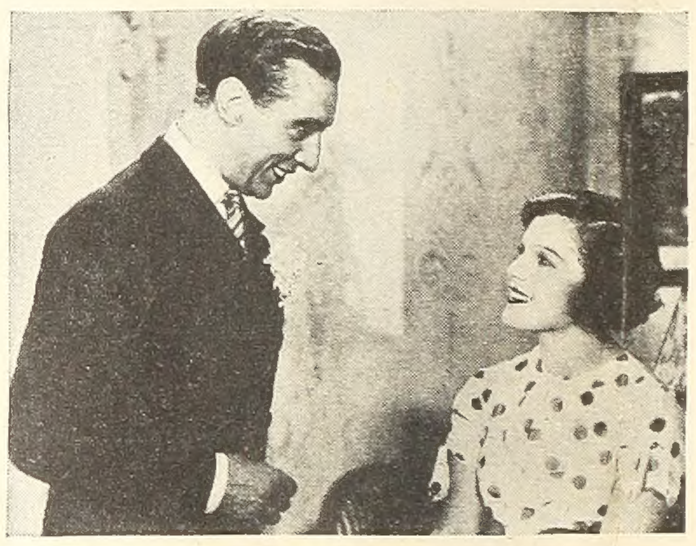
Hell to Heaven
Paramount

Take a little of "Grand Hotel" and mix it with "Union Depot" and you'll arrive at the race track where this film unreels. Jack Oakie, who plays a radio announcer with crooning ambitions, upholds the comedy end of the film. This picture is lighter in treatment than its successors in that the villain dies; and two romances end happily. With Sidney Blackmer, Carole Lombard.



Love in Morocco
Gaumont-British

You won't want to miss this Rex Ingram film, made in Europe. And you won't be disappointed in the scenic effects, exciting native battles, and Rex himself as the hero. But you will be amazed at Ingram for selecting such a poor story and cast. Rex plays a rakish French officer who falls in love with a Moroccan princess and—but see for yourself! Rosita Garcia is the femme interest.



Be Mine Tonight
Universal-Gaumont-British

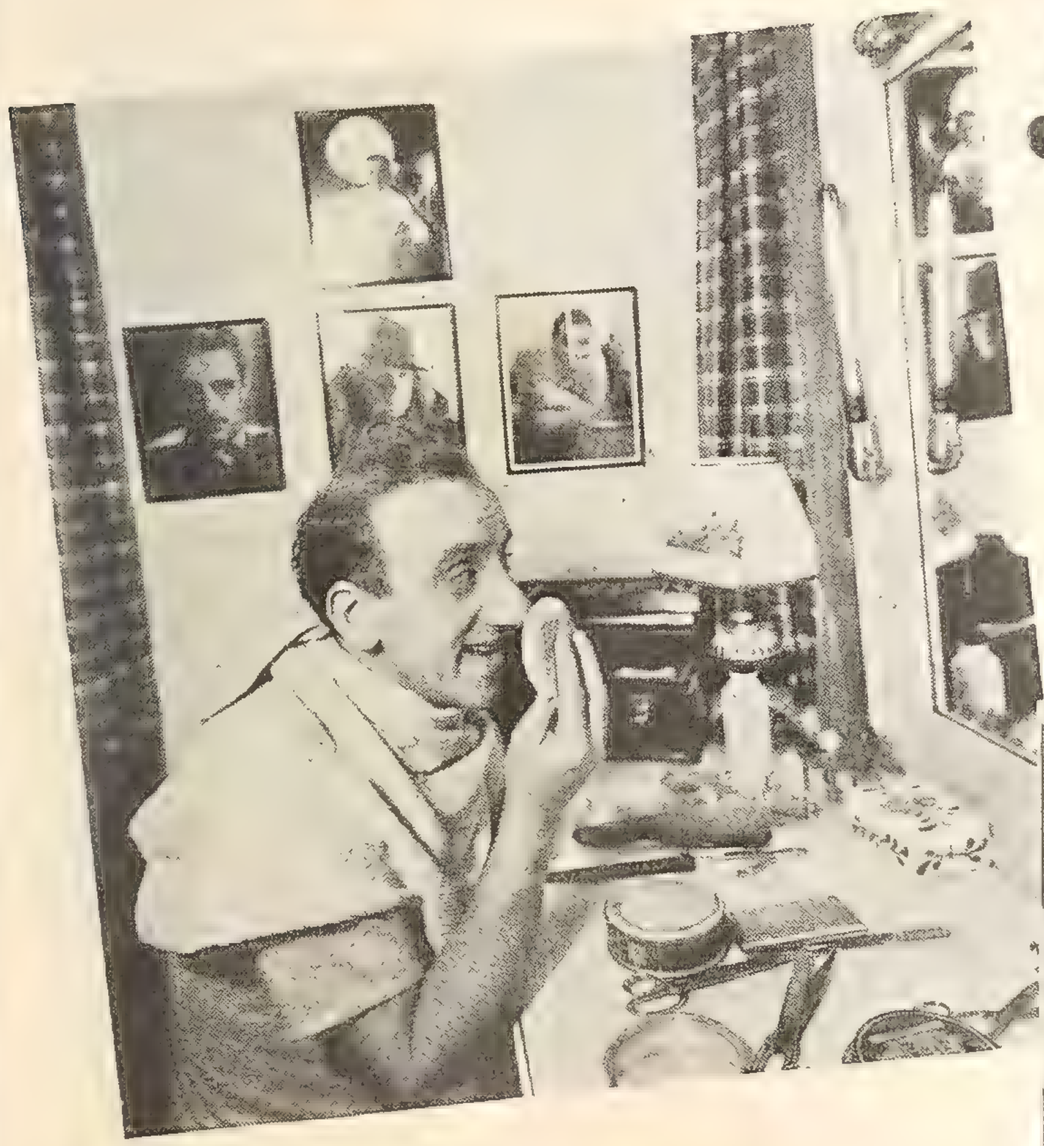
A slight dash of Lubitsch and a faint touch of Mamoulian, with overtones of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, set to music. Sounds pretty gay? It might have been—but the sense of showmanship is lamentably absent, resulting in some slightly ponderous frivolity. Sonnie Hale and Edmund Gwenn are funny; and that glorious-voiced tenor, M. Keipura, is worth sprinting a mile to hear.

Durante dresses for dinner, and likes it (the dinner)! Through years of practice he has learned how to negotiate a bow tie without getting his nose in the way!

Jimmy grooms his classic face to represent the well-dressed pan! Notice that scrap book; if all the clippings were laid end to end they'd be almost as long as—shucks, there we go again!

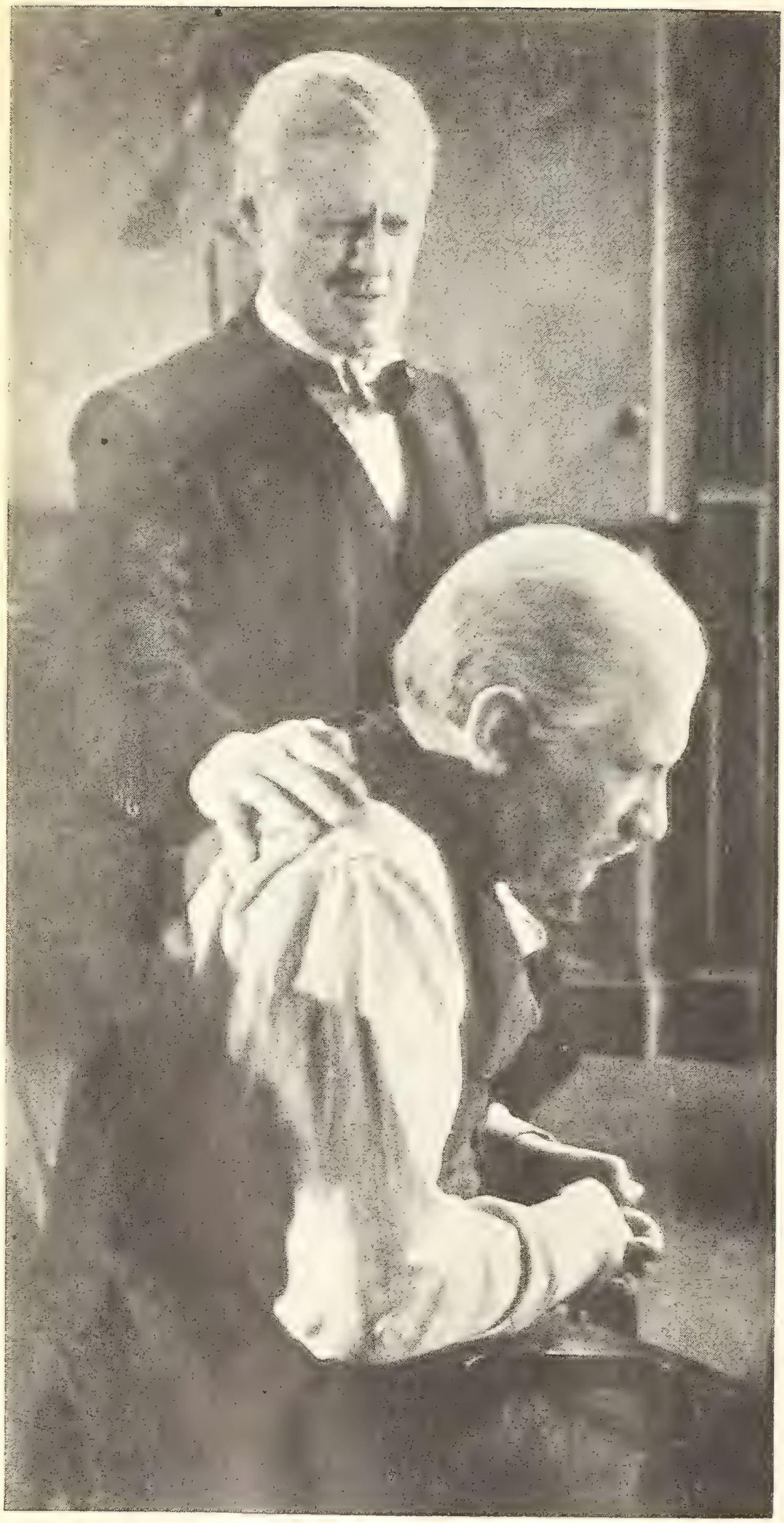
The Private Life of J. Durante, Esq.

The "wild man of Hollywood" is cornered by our cameraman in his lair! These sensational pictures show you how he lives, breathes and "ferments"



Gilding the lily! Jimmy wastes time prettifying that famous "schnoz," which everybody already knows is the bonniest beak in creation. Leave perfection alone, Mr. D.!

How a gentleman actor spends his leisure. Curled up with his books and his cigar, the Durante lolls in his Beverly Hills home and meditates the importance of not being earnest.



The Great Scene of the screen month: Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff in "Sweepings." Here is the real stuff of which poignant drama is made. Here is conflict between two men for the thing they love most. Here is legitimate pathos, superbly acted. This scene will live in your memory!

SCREENLAND Honor Page

¶ To Lionel Barrymore, star of "Sweepings"

¶ To Gregory Ratoff, the only actor ever to stand shoulder to shoulder in a scene with a Barrymore and emerge with absolutely equal honors

¶ To *two* great screen actors, then, we award our laurels—and we know we are expressing the applause of you, the motion picture public

YOU in the motion picture audience are always waiting for fine pictures. You pay your admissions again and again for that very reason—hope of fine entertainment. Too often you are disappointed. But then there are those rare occasions when a picture more than lives up to expectations. Such an event is "Sweepings." It is not light and gay, romantic and glamorous. Neither is it distasteful, sordid, gruesome or ghastly. It is Reality. John Cromwell has directed with rare skill. And there is one Great Scene that will live in your memory. We are showing you a "still" of it at the left. It's that scene in which Lionel Barrymore, as the department-store magnate, humiliates his faithful old employee, played by Gregory Ratoff—until the employee, at the breaking point, challenges his power. This scene has all the perfection of a masterly short story. It is one of the finest things we have encountered in the theatre, or, for that matter, in literature. And the two actors are equal to their [illegible]

Congratulations, Barrymore and Ratoff!

Camera Flashes From the Coast!

Last-minute snapshots of who's news in Hollywood

Acme

A Ruggles outing. Comedian Charlie, director Wesley and actress Arline Judge, the latter's wife, attend a Hollywood première. Wesley named his little son "Charles," after the boy's famous uncle.

Wide World

George Bernard Shaw, world's most famous dramatist and wit, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Marion Davies during his round-the-world cruise. Seated with him are Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Louis B. Mayer, Clark Gable, George Hearst.

International

Another Hollywood miracle—what the influence of a handsome lady can do for Jack Oakie! Peggy Joyce actually induced him to shelve his beloved turtle-neck sweater and don evening clothes!

G. B. S., literature's "bad boy," refuses to act his 75 years! Marion Davies has all she can do to keep pace with him as he tours the M-G-M studios, letting the quips fall where they may!

Wide World

For years Ruby Keeler's career was just being Mrs. Al Jolson. She's still at it—and happily, too. But now Ruby's also a film star in her own right, after scoring as the sensational show-stealer in "42nd Street."

Al and his Ruby at the beach. It was in order to be near her famous husband that Ruby Keeler forsook a promising career on the stage. Today she has a brand-new career in films. Watch for Ruby in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Wide World

Ruby Beats *the* Jolson Jinx

How "Al's gal" leaped into movie fame despite all obstacles

By John Carlisle

AL JOLSON'S nerves kept Ruby Keeler off the screen for three years!

She has *almost* played leading rôles in as many pictures as Jolson has actually made. She isn't sorry she missed those chances but she is glad she finally did accept a part in "42nd Street," and a second in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

In some way or another that seems to have broken the jinx for her and to have quieted the worries of her high-strung husband.

Miss Keeler herself is very sweet about it—and very frank.

"If you have watched Al work," she says, "you know how nervous he is. He's the most nervous man in the world when he's making a picture. I just knew it wouldn't do to have him worrying about my part as well as his own."

Not long after Ruby Keeler married the famous comedian, then in the heyday of his screen popularity, it was suggested that she play a part in the picture "Mammy" which Jolson was about to start.

It was generally supposed that she considered it seriously for a time. She says now that she never believed it wise or possible. Her reasons are those already quoted. Al, she found, became a bundle of nerves during the making of a picture and when she had definitely said "No" to the Warner Brothers proposal, she packed up and went to New York to take a stage part that had been offered. She gave it up, however, and returned to Al and to Hollywood when "Mammy" finished and Al's nerves uncoiled.

Ruby took her months of retirement philosophically. She enjoyed being Mrs. Al Jolson and she made it her first duty always. To tentative proposals that she should make a test for some certain rôle she never said "No" immediately but she never quite said "Yes" either.

Officials from the Paramount studios called her by telephone.

"They wanted me to come to the studio to make a test for some rôle—I've forgotten what it was," Ruby recalls. "I was to call back. Then Al wanted to go to Catalina, suddenly, and so I went along—and didn't call them at all. That's the way it was—almost every time. I didn't mind."

Almost every time Jolson made or planned to make a picture Ruby Keeler was suggested as the logical one to appear opposite him. Al never refused to consider that suggestion. It was Ruby who used her woman's intuition each time to decide against it. That was the combination that kept Ruby off the screen so long—Al's nerves and Ruby's intuition.

She doesn't say as much but one guesses that Ruby had decided against starting her screen career in one of her husband's pictures. She (*Continued on page 77*)

Answers to Open Letters!

SINCE I started writing Open Letters to screen stars on this page I've heard from hundreds of you readers asking me if the stars ever answer the letters I have written them. Yes—they do! Right here I am showing you Joan Crawford's letter. And Eddie Cantor's telegram. And I can tell you that Ann Dvorak is taking our advice and coming back to the American screens. And Harold Lloyd swore to me he isn't going to change; and Bette Davis is trying to get her company to let her film the book I suggested. And I'm thanking all of you, stars and audience, for your grand interest. And please watch for another Open Letter next month.

D. Delight Evans

Dear Delight —
Yes — I do read my fan mail —
Thank you so much for all the nice things you said about me in your open letter. I only hope I can live up to all the adjectives you used.
I have taken your advice and the criticism of the fan letters and in my last picture I have not only removed a little, but at least three inches of that lip stick —
Thank you ma'am

Joan Crawford

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MISS DELIGHT EVANS, CARE SCREENLAND=
45 WEST 45 ST=

I AM NOT ASHAMED TO TELL YOU I CRIED THIS MORNING WHEN I READ YOUR OPEN LETTER TO ME IN SCREENLAND GOD BLESS YOU=

EDDIE CANTOR..

The Editor's Page

Joan says: "I think Constance exploits herself more cleverly than anyone I know. And I think she does it instinctively, unconsciously. People say we fight, but it isn't so."

Joan *talks about*

When a screen writer talks about a Bennett, that's interesting. But when one beautiful Bennett talks about the other, that's sensational! Read and see what Joan really thinks of Connie

THERE is nothing in the world more glamorous to me than a Bennett—except two Bennetts. So, late one afternoon recently, when Joan and I sat in front of a smouldering fire and she started talking about her sister, Constance, I was all agog—and that thrilled.

It's seldom the Bennetts discuss each other—even with intimate friends. They are not exactly a highly strung family but their tempers—with the exception of Joan's—are like tinder boxes. A spark is all that's needed to set them off. No matter what one says about the other, it's the wrong thing, so they've found the best way to get along is by saying nothing—and they say it well.

"People," Joan observed, "say we are always fighting with each other but it isn't so. We flare up and say what we think but when we've said our say it's over. We don't hold grudges. They say there is no family feeling between us—but that isn't so, either. We're a casual family—if you know what I mean by that—but we're intensely interested in everything pertaining to each other.

"Constance and father are probably the most casual. The reason there's so much talk about their fighting all the time is because they're so much alike. But down underneath, they're deeply fond of each other—and proud of each other, too. Not long ago father did something Constance didn't like. She wasn't able to see him immediately to tell him about it so she was just biding her time. Before she had a chance, father took desperately ill. She went over to see him immediately. It's true, it was one o'clock in the morning when she arrived at the hospital, but she went. And father was so tickled to see her he didn't even mind being awakened. She went almost every day after that until she left and he was out of danger by then."

Last summer, when Joan broke her hip, her mother and Barbara flew out here from New York and Constance cabled from Paris to ask if Joan wanted her to come back.

"Constance came over here to dinner the night before she sailed this time," Joan explained, "but I didn't go down to the boat to see her off and I've only had one wire from her in all the time she's been gone. But that doesn't lessen the feeling between us."

Joan gazed reflectively into the fire for a moment before she continued. "When people say Constance and I don't get along it makes me furious. I've always idolized her. You know, she's a few years older than I am and her attitude towards me has always been the 'older sister' sort of thing. Even now it's difficult for

Sister Constance

By

S. R. Mook

her to realize I'm grown and she's always telling me what to do—and getting furious when I don't follow her advice.

"When she was in boarding school I was still a little girl and I used to hear her talk about her good times and envy her. I'd see her name in the papers and read about her going to teas and dances and proms and all that sort of thing. She was just as glamorous a figure to me as any star ever has been to a fan.

"And, going back to our casualness as a family, the first I knew of her marriage to Philip Plant was when I read it on the front page of the paper in Paris, where I was in school at the time. Nobody had bothered to wire me."

Joan's little girl, Ditty, came into the room looking for all the world like a miniature of her mother. Joan stroked the child's head absently. "There are so many things I admire about Constance it's hard for me to talk about her without becoming maudlin.

"I think she exploits herself more cleverly than almost anyone I know. And I think she does it instinctively—unconsciously.

"She has gorgeous taste in clothes. The thing I like about her clothes is their simplicity. There is never a frill or a buckle or a flower too much on any of them but it's a simplicity that every woman recognizes as being expensive. Yet she never boasts about how much she pays for anything. If she does any boasting it's more apt to be about how she beat the merchant down on the price.

"I admire her thrift in clothes, too. She never discards anything until she's had her money's worth out of it. The fact that she's wealthy has never made her careless about money the way it has so many people out here."

That's true. I had an example of it one afternoon when I was visiting Constance. A dressmaker was shown into the room and Constance pulled out a sequin evening dress she'd bought in Paris the year before. "Dresses are so much longer this season," she explained to the woman, "I can't wear this and it's too expensive to discard. I thought probably you could make me a couple of cocktail jackets out of it. I could have one of them dyed another color."

A nutria coat furnishes another instance of her thrift.

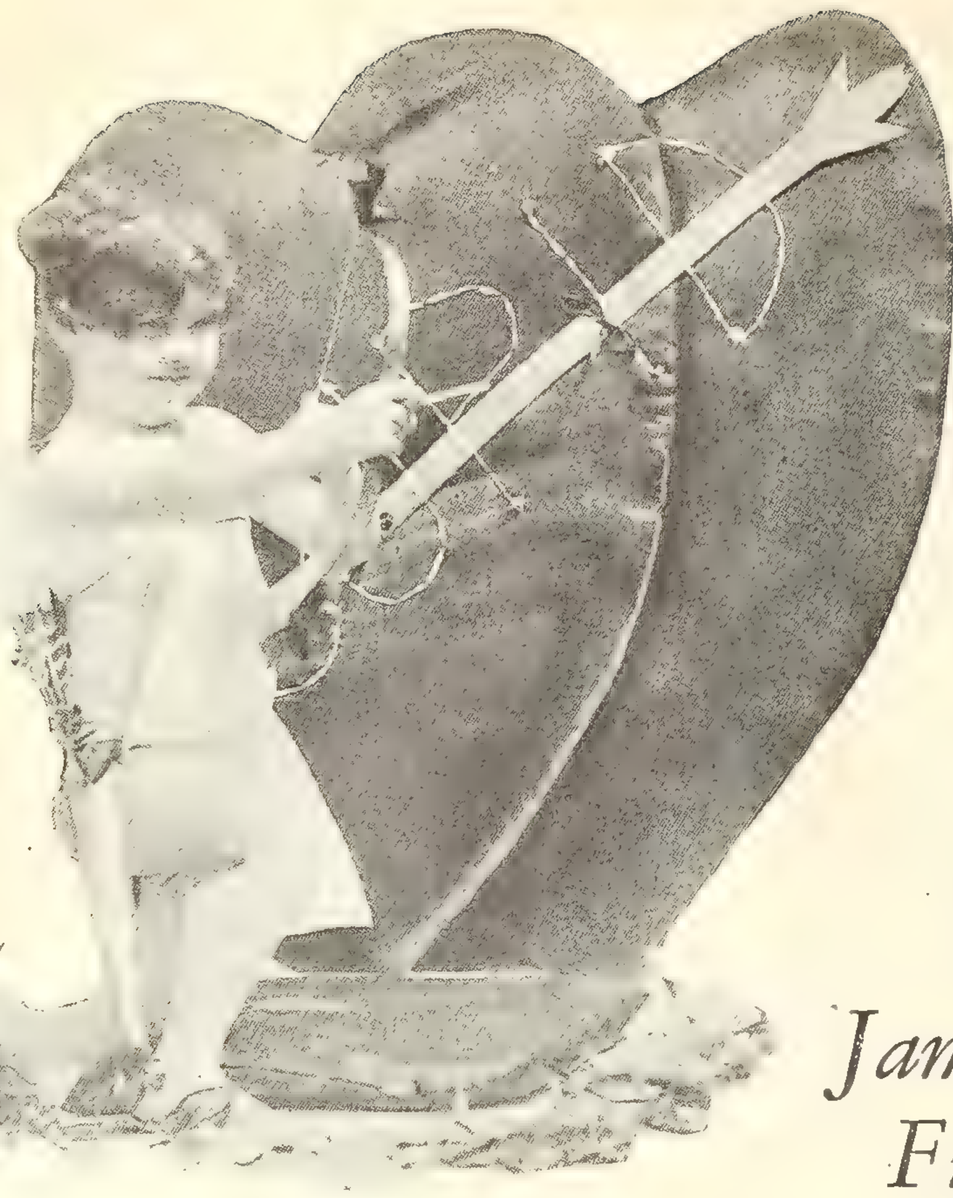
Constance might be saying: "Who, me?" Yes, Miss Bennett—and we want you to read everything else your sister Joan says about you in this story.

The first year she came back to pictures she brought it along to wear on the set between scenes. The coat saw pretty hard service. The next season it appeared as part of a reversible coat and the third year it was the lining to still another one.

"One of the things I envy most about Constance," Joan went on, "is her uncanny business sense. Decimal points give me a headache but she can do percentages in her mind without even a pencil and paper.

"And she's so nice about the things she does for people. Unless they tell it themselves, no one ever knows about it because when Constance has done something for a person she forgets it.

"And she's so independent. I think she could be an even bigger star than she is if (*Continued on page 70*)



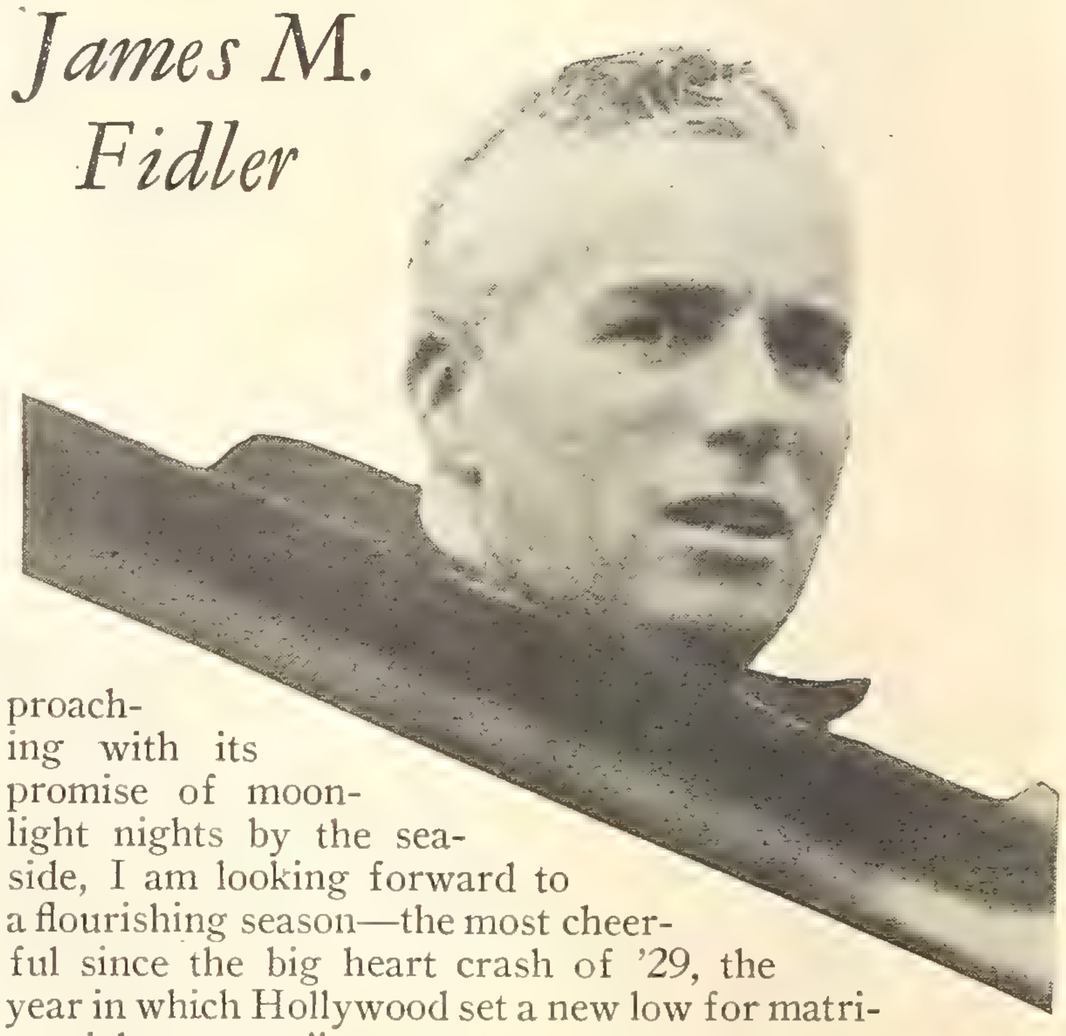
Young Master Cupid takes aim—and another screen star's heart is about to be smitten!

Wide World

Confessions *of* Cupid

The Bow-Boy of Hollywood gets confidential about some of his famous clients

By James M. Fidler



DANIEL JOY CUPID, who originated the nudist fad and invented bows-and-arrows long before the Indians dreamed of such weapons, was bent over a grindstone, sharpening arrowheads, when I arrived at his modest home.

"My editor has written me a letter bursting with *Junes* and *moons*," I explained my presence. "She's gone starry-eyed, and has ordered me to visit you and plead for the romantic news that is at your finger-tips. Will you help me out?"

"Of course, provided that you will pardon me if I work as we chat," he said. "With the divorce courts undoing practically all that I accomplish, I must work ceaselessly to preserve that institution known as marriage.

"Romance is brighter in Hollywood today than it was a year ago. Turbulent conditions of the country have drawn human beings closer together. With June approaching with its promise of moonlight nights by the seaside, I am looking forward to a flourishing season—the most cheerful since the big heart crash of '29, the year in which Hollywood set a new low for matrimonial ventures."

As he talked, I watched Dan Cupid's labors curiously, and presently I noticed that his arrowheads were of varying shapes and sizes. "Why?" I inquired.

"The small, dainty ones are for young, tender hearts," Master Cupid explained. "Others, larger and heavier, are for the more hardened. These big, jagged stones are for use on the hearts of income tax collectors, multi-divorcées, and such people with hearts of concrete."

I laughed. Cupid is clever. He should be, for despite his appearance of being only a baby, he is as old as time; in fact, he knew Adam and Eve personally.

"Tell me the newest and choicest romantic gossip about Hollywood," I invited.

"The most sensational accomplishment of my calendar month is the announced engagement of Catharine Dale Owen to Lydell Peck, who is still Janet Gaynor's husband—but not for much longer, I expect.

"I am very much pleased that Robert Young married Betty Henderson. I pierced their hearts when they were school chums, ten years ago. On the contrary, I am rather discouraged about Jimmie Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan. I am fond of Boots Mallory, but I had planned for Jimmie and Maureen to wed until Boots upset my schemes."

Acme

The little archer always gets his man, even if it takes years. He pierced Robert Young's and Betty Henderson's hearts when they were school chums, ten years ago. Now they're newlyweds!

Wide World

Isobel Jewel and Lee Tracy have the little match-maker just a bit worried. "They've been 'that way' for three years," he laments, "but they simply won't be serious about making it a permanent match!"

Cupid's having his difficulties with Estelle Taylor, too. Estelle is a "choosy" young lady, and she just can't seem to make up her mind. Still, give John Warburton credit for trying!

Acme

"What about Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, the English actor?" I asked.

"Not too serious," said Daniel. "Estelle is playing the field. You see, she and John are friends of Sue Carol, and Sue attempted to interest them in each other. The truth is, Estelle will have difficulty choosing another husband. She is an admirer of physically strong men, and when she compares new suitors with Jack Dempsey, her former husband—well, you can see for yourself that a man must be a real husky to stand a chance with Miss Taylor.

"I'll tell you a secret," Cupid whispered. "Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook are holding out on the world. I don't want to violate a confidence and state that they are married, but I do suggest that you seek for a record of such an event. Don't let on that I told you."

The Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard romance is one of Dan's biggest "cases" in years. He's certain he pierced their hearts, he confides to our reporter, and now he's confidently waiting to hear the sound of wedding bells. Well, Cupid's seldom wrong about his profession!

Wide World

A telephone rang, interrupting our talk. Dan Cupid put aside his work and answered. "Hello," he said. "Yes, this is Daniel. Oh, you don't say? Fine work; I'll chalk that up immediately. Goodbye." He returned the receiver to its hook.

"One of my fellow workers," Dan explained. "He reports that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant will marry soon."

After he had recorded this coming event on the "black" side of his ledger, Cupid returned to the interview. "My chief source of worry," he said, "is with the youngsters. Fellows like Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell, and girls like Rochelle Hudson and Joan Marsh. I've fired enough arrows into Tommy's heart to maim an elephant. Rochelle Hudson, Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Mary Carlisle—young Brown has a whole orchard of apples-of-his-eye.

"Mary Brian is equally troublesome. I've arrowed scores of masculine hearts for Mary, but she spurns them all. I don't believe the girl knows how to say 'yes' to a marriage proposal. I was certain she'd marry Buddy Rogers—and I still have hopes—but Mary continues to smile impartially on Dick Powell, Russell Gleason, George Raft and others.

"That fellow Raft is upsetting my plans. Besides showing attention to Miss Brian, he has also cooed to Barbara Weeks, Constance Cummings and a few more. And now that Miss Cummings is in England making pictures, George sends her telegrams and letters. Between Raft and Randolph Scott, my nights are filled with 'mares. Like George, Randy has (*Continued on page 84*)

Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory met while playing together in the cast of "Hello, Sister." Dan sped an arrow Dunn-ward—and Jimmie and Boots are still together a good deal of the time—as we go to press!

Thanks, Florence Eldridge March, for giving us this grand story! And now we want you to keep right on with your own screen career, so the cinema customers will get to know you as well as they know your husband.

Why I Married Fredric March

By
Florence Eldridge March

As told to
S. R. ("Dick") Mook

"WHY did I marry Fredric March?" Florence mused in answer to my question. "How can I tell—except that I happened to be in love with him?"

"But why," I persisted, "did you fall in love with him? What was there that attracted you to him rather than to any one of a half dozen other men you knew and who were in love with you?"

"It's hard to tell," Florence answered. "I've often wondered myself about that spark that ignites an intangible something between two personalities so that they become interested in each other to the exclusion of everyone else."

Florence, who is appearing in "Shame of Temple Drake," sat pondering over the question I had put to her. She is one of the most sophisticated looking, most svelte women I know. When I heard they had cast her in the part of a Southern backwoods woman in the William Faulkner story, I wondered. Yet she is such a consummate actress that after watching her do a scene, if I hadn't known her as she really is I'd never have believed it possible for her to be the same woman of the world I've met in the March home.

"Don't look at me like that," she laughed, pulling her hat down closer. "This wig is horrible. It makes me feel like one of those old-time grandmothers."

She lapsed into silence again for a few moments.

"I'll tell you," she broke out suddenly, "you can make out a mental list of all the qualities in a man that would bar him forever in your eyes as an eligible husband. Then you might discover just one trait in him that attracted you irresistibly and you'd either forget the ones you didn't like or marry him anyhow and spend the rest of your life trying vainly to overcome them.

"In Freddie's case, fortunately, there weren't any I didn't like. There was just something about him that attracted me in the beginning and after I'd got to know

Florence and Freddie as they appeared on the stage in "Arms and the Man" for the Theatre Guild in New York in 1927. March played the part of Sergis and Mrs March, Raina. It was the first year of their mar

Scoop! Lovely actress wife of famous star tells all! Read what she says about her handsome husband—you'll like it

FREDRIC MARCH

Miss Delight Evans, Editor,
Screenland Magazine,
45 West 45th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Delight:

I have realized for six years what a very fortunate husband I am but it took Dick to drag the reason out of Florence. Had it not been for this story I might have gone to my grave without knowing to what to attribute my great success.

Thanks for the "break" and for your many other kindnesses.

With all good wishes,

Cordially,

Fredric March

Thanks, Freddie March, for playing your part in making this intimate story possible. It isn't every actor who encourages his wife to talk about him so frankly. And you don't mind if we let the folks read your letter to us, do you?

him I discovered all those other things I adore."

"Well, what was the one thing that attracted you in the beginning?" I said, doggedly determined to worm it out of her.

She pondered again. "There is something child-like about Freddie in so many ways," she said. "I think that must have been it. He's just like a kid about deciding things for himself—or working out anything that perplexes him. One of his family's pet stories concerns Freddie during his first year at college. He walked two miles to his brother's house to ask if he should buy a note-book that opened at the top or at the side!

"When we were first married, whenever he was going to buy any sort of apparel—suits, sox, ties, shirts, anything—he always asked me to go along and help him select them. I promptly told him I knew absolutely nothing about men's clothes. He's got excellent taste himself and now he has learned to rely on his own judgment—at least in that respect.

"When anything comes up regarding his career, he'll tell the details to, and ask advice, not only of me but of almost everyone he happens to run across! And he'll hang on every word his companion utters as though his whole future hinged on the advice he was getting. He makes you feel that if you don't consider his case carefully and give him the very best counsel you possibly can, something terrible is liable to happen to him. While he considers the advice he gets and digests it, in the end he's pretty apt to decide things for himself. In college he took a course in business administration and he applies it very practically to the management of his personal affairs.

"Another thing that attracted me to Freddie is his marvelous sense of humor. It's a silly sort of humor that keeps you giggling all day long. Even now, after six years of being married to him, I get more laughs out of Freddie than anyone I know. In most respects, it's exactly the same sort of humor you find in a child. He gets a kick out of the same things kids do. The pity of it is you have to know him so long before you ever catch any of it in real life.

"One of his favorite pastimes is to read the personal and want ad columns of the papers looking for misprints which make the ads ridiculous. I remember once he found an interview someone had written on Helen Hayes regarding the trip she planned taking. The type-setter had put in an extra 'e' that sent Freddie into hysterics. She had mentioned the fact that during her stage experience she had only been able to take trips in the summer, which precluded any possibility of visiting the torrid regions she planned to take in this time. 'All in all,' the interview concluded, 'this will be the most thrilling *tripe* we have undertaken.'

"Freddie went around showing the clipping to everyone he met until someone told him one of the monthly magazines paid two dollars for every one of those they use and also for silly ads about which they can smart-crack. So now he reads the papers from the front page to the last in hopes of finding something like that. Once he got a check for two dollars for an ad he had clipped

Why has Florence Eldridge March decided to resume her screen career? You'll never guess the real reason! Her story tells you

His wife says, "Freddie will leave home around ten in the morning saying, 'I'm just going to run over to the club for a couple of sets.' At six in the evening he'll come toddling home and admit that he has been playing tennis constantly ever since early in the morning."

In this story Florence Eldridge March tells why she de- that she was just as well known on the stage as Freddie. per," you are already interested in her work. You'll see husband think of Florence's

from the 'Personal' columns and sent in. The ad, 'Young man leaving for Paris will be glad to attend to any affairs,' appeared in the *New Yorker* duly captioned 'Bon Voyage.'

"Another he clipped from the 'Pets and Supplies' column was also accepted: 'For sale: police puppies. Very smart. Mother was in the movies.'

"The checks for these come in fairly regularly now and Freddie gets almost as big a thrill out of them as he does from his regular salary check.

"He is one of the few players on the Paramount lot who has always had his option taken up without any effort on the part of the executives to get him to re-sign at the same or a lower figure. The last time his contract was up for renewal, I don't know whether they were trying to frighten him a little or whether they were only trying to have a little fun with him but, anyhow, he and his agent sat there with a lot of executives. 'You know, Freddie,' one of them said earnestly, 'we'd like to keep you with us but your pictures don't draw too well. You haven't any sex appeal. If you and Gary Cooper were to enter a room together which one do you suppose the girls would make for?'

" 'Ah,' Freddie countered, 'but which one would their *mothers* go for? And,' he finished triumphantly, 'will you kindly tell me what Gary Cooper's sex appeal has to do with *my* contract?'

"That business of the mothers is no gag, either," Florence continued earnestly. "When he was little and went to a party his mother told him always to dance with the wallflowers who weren't having a good time. And that lesson still lives with him. Whenever he goes anywhere even now where there are older women or men he always finds time to go up and pay his respects to them.

"He has a child's faith in human nature—a child's ideals—and no amount of hard luck or bumps has ever disillusioned him. If occasionally, as happens, some friend or someone he has trusted and respected, falls short of the standard Freddie has set for that person, he charges it up to experience or force of circumstances and then turns right around and trusts the next person who comes along—to exactly the same extent.

"He's got the easiest going disposition I've ever come across in my life and it is a disposition that doesn't ruffle. When we were playing one night stands with the Theatre Guild Repertoire Company under the most trying circumstances—long jumps, draughty theatres, poor hotels many times—Freddie kept us all in a good humor. No one *could* get out of sorts because Freddie would kid him out of it.

"When he was making 'The Royal Family' in the Eastern studio the crew didn't know him well and weren't used to his kidding. In one scene he was supposed to start running up the stairs, stop halfway up, turn to say something and then continue. They rehearsed the scene a couple of times and prepared to shoot it. The chief electrician approached Freddie.

" 'Mr. March,' he said, 'which step are you going to stop on?'

"Freddie surveyed him with a surprised and pained expression. 'Which step am I going to stop on?' he ejaculated, 'how can *I* tell? My dear boy, I'm an *artiste!*'

" 'But, Mr. March,' the juicer protested, 'I've got to focus the lights on you.'

" 'Ah,' said Freddie dramatically, 'the lights! That is different. I'll stop anywhere you say.'

"There are very few people with the absorption he has in things that interest him. Just now, tennis is his god. He'll leave home around ten in the morning saying, 'I'm just going to run over to the club for a couple of sets.' At six in the evening he'll come tottering home, white

cided to resume her acting career. You know, of course, If you saw her in Richard Dix's picture, "The Great Jas- her next in "Shame of Temple Drake." What does her ambitions? Read the story.

and drawn with circles under his eyes from the strain and admit that he has been playing constantly ever since leaving that morning.

"A year ago it was bridge. He simply wasn't interested in it. Then one week-end we invited Ralph and Catherine Bellamy down to our place at Laguna. It started raining and we couldn't go out so there was nothing to do but play bridge. Freddie started learning and we played all day. Next morning when we rose Freddie dashed eagerly to the window. 'Swell,' he chortled, 'it's still raining, so we can play some more bridge!'

"He became so absorbed in it he wouldn't let Ralph and Catherine leave. They protested they had dinner engagements in town. 'All right,' Freddie conceded grudgingly, 'you can go in and fill your engagements but you'll have to come right back afterwards.' And," Florence concluded, "do you know that for two solid weeks he virtually kept them prisoners down there while he learned to play bridge!

"Another thing I never cease marveling at is his punctiliousness about promises. If he promises you something you can make up your mind it's as good as done.

"And still another thing is our similarity in tastes. We both adore having people around us. Most people out here try to give the impression that they never go out anywhere. We're on the go constantly—and love it. When we've gone so much we simply can't go any longer, we go into seclusion for two or three weeks and recuperate. During that time we go to bed about half past nine and never see anyone. The beauty of it is that usually we become fagged out about the same time and get our pep back about the same time. And, as soon as we've recovered, we start out again.

"He's the most generous husband you can think of. Recently I decided I wanted a ranch so I started working again to get the money. Freddie came to me with a very worried expression on his face. 'You don't have to work,' he said. 'I'll be glad to buy you the ranch.'

" 'No,' I replied, 'it's just a whim and I'll get it for myself.'

" 'But what do you want with all that money?' he protested. 'Do you think maybe in a couple of years you'll be tired of me and just want to have a nest egg

You meet a new and surprising Fredric March in these pages. Do you like him as well as the man you have met on the screen?

There are very few people, according to Mrs. March, with the absorption that Freddie has in things that interest him. If it isn't tennis it's bridge; if it isn't bridge, it's a new part; or it's books and magazines. He plunges into each pursuit with impartial energy.

so you can walk out?'

"I gravely assured him he is the only man in the world I'm interested in, but he'll go right on worrying until I quit working again.

"Why did I marry Fredric March?" she finished, "why, the more I think of it the more impossible it seems to me that I could be married to anyone else!"

In the days before Freddie March was a film star! He was a member of a dramatic stock company which also included Norman Foster, at left, and Sylvia Sidney, next to Norman. They're having a whirl on the merry-go-round!

NEWS about Norma Shearer!

Why she has left Hollywood for three months. What she feels about her long screen absence. How she is facing the future. The best Shearer story you have ever read!

Hurrell

Here's a new and informal portrait of the star Laura Benham calls "the most grossly misrepresented woman in pictures today." Miss Benham reveals to Norma Shearer admirers an entirely different girl than other writers have ever presented to you.

By Laura Benham

NORMA SHEARER is the most misunderstood—the most grossly misrepresented—woman in pictures today.

Cold, calculating, materialistic, she has been called. Affected, insincere, and adjectives of like ilk have been applied to her.

None of them does she deserve.

Yet it is not difficult to realize why, reckoned by the standards of Hollywood, she has been misjudged.

Norma Shearer is too normal for the cinema capital to understand. Her naturalness is incomprehensible to a city inured to syntheticism and show; her straightforward actions and attitude are ready fuel for misinterpretation.

So, Hollywood is still looking for ulterior motives, still seeking sinister reasons for her staunch willingness to jeopardize her career by her devotion to her husband.

Today, Norma Shearer is one of the three biggest box-office stars in pictures. Yet when her husband, Irving Thalberg, youthful czar of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, suffered a nervous breakdown from over-work, she calmly dropped all thought of self or career for two months and devoted herself assiduously to aiding him in his fight to regain his health. Then, when it was decided that he needed a prolonged vacation in Europe she unhesitatingly packed up and accompanied him on a trip which will mean her absence from the screen for nearly a year.

Such an action was unprecedented on the part of a Hollywood wife.

True, many cinema wives have declared that if a choice were necessary, they would choose their husbands in preference to their careers. But this is the first instance in which one of them has been called upon to prove the sincerity of her words.

The fact that Norma Shearer really meant what she said, and has behaved in the entirely normal way that any wife, regardless of pomp and circumstance, would act toward the husband she adored, has been the signal for a storm of wonderment and conjecture.

Before I met her, I, too, had had my doubts. I had wondered if this were just another instance of striking a grand attitude. Such things have been done, you know.

Talking to Norma, spending many informal hours with her, watching her with Mr. Thalberg and with the two-and-a-half-year old Irving, Jr., I was impressed by her sincerity, her genuine realness. But I could also see *how* and *why* she has been misunderstood.

Norma Shearer Thalberg and her handsome young son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., who calls his lovely mother "Bobby." This portrait was selected by Norma herself as the one SCREENLAND readers would like best of her baby. Read all about him in the accompanying story.

Norma is a smaller person than she appears on the screen, and more lovely. There is nothing foreign or exotic about her. She exudes a glowing, shining cleanliness, a beauty of intelligence. You will like her more than ever when you read this fascinating feature, an exclusive interview obtained just before the Thalbergs sailed for Europe.

To begin with, there *is* an aura of grandeur about her. But it is real. I'll try to explain what I mean . . .

When the Thalbergs arrived in New York, they ensconced themselves in one of the highest tower apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria, with ten rooms in which to spread themselves and their belongings.

That, in itself, could be interpreted as an ostentatious gesture. That is how the world at large has been wont to judge the actions of Norma Shearer.

But the truth is that the Thalbergs needed that space. Ten rooms—living-room, dining-room, kitchen; a master bedroom with an adjoining study in which Mr. Thalberg, contrary to his doctor's orders, insisted upon transacting last-minute business before sailing. His two secretaries (and how necessary they were you could judge if you spent only a half-hour listening to the telephones ring, seeing the stream of visitors) had to be accommodated. There must be a room for the baby, a room for the baby's nurse, a room for Norma's maid. Ten rooms in all—ten rooms needed. Could you call that a gesture?

Nor was Norma inclined to adopt a "grand" manner or in any way live up to the would-be splendor of her surroundings. She was serenely calm, engagingly gracious.

"Of course I don't especially like the idea of being away from the screen for so long," she admitted, in answer to my query. "However, there was no choice in my mind.

"If ever Irving needed me, (*Continued on page 72*)

What have they in common? And what are their differences? Benton gives you another absorbing analysis of a pair of mated movie stars!

Carole Lombard's brow is broad, full, and unusually high. This, according to Benton, indicates a careerist tendency in her that is typical of the modern woman—a determination to win her own way through outstanding achievement.

CAROLE'S

BROWS:	**imaginative, eager**
EYES:	**colorful**
NOSE:	**adventurous, excitable**
MOUTH:	**talkative, frank**
CHIN:	**determined, defensive**

Double-Star Carole

By William E. Benton

BILLIONS of miles beyond our solar system there are many Double Stars of great magnitude, that seem mated for all time.

Most of these celestial couples are very different in size and coloring, but it is their mutual magnetic attraction that holds them thus paired till another greater star might swing into their field of magnetism and create a celestial triangle and its consequent tragic separation or cosmic divorce.

This has happened in the heavens many times, so why blame our earthly stars of the cinema world if their romances are sometimes torn asunder?

Let us study this "Duality Doublet" of a pair of Double Stars, Carole Lombard and William Powell, to compare the magnetic and other attractions that tend to keep them double stars. The right side of her face paired with the left side of his gives us a "Doublet" picture most complimentary and interesting from a character-study standpoint.

We may note some differences in their faces and natures, that analyzed, will make them more understandable as individuals and more interesting as a pair of double stars. As sure as all life comes from the sun and we are all star dust, the best way to know our natures and probable experiences is to study other stars that we may better shine or live a brilliant happy life in the sphere of life to which we seem consigned.

You know it used to be said that "Marriages are made in heaven"—well, whether we moderns believe that way or not, we know that divorces are often productive of tortures most hellish.

So whether one is married or single the study of interesting, many-sided, brilliant personalities is interesting and helpful as a means to get or hold a better half. One glance at this pair of stars and we realize why they are so often cast to play sophisticated, brainy characters.

Both Carole and William Powell have much higher, wider brows than average, and the clear, keen eyes of

Wide World

Old Cave-Man Powell! He often finds it necessary, our analyst surmises, to chide his Carole for her "modernism." Here's an old-fashioned antidote for militant feminism which Bill is applying—but Carole doesn't seem to mind so much!

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are "Better-Half Doublets"—cinema stars who are man and wife. See what a dual analysis of their features discloses!

Bill Powell's tip-tilted eyebrows, Benton points out, give his face an alert, keenly observing look. Yet there is a dreaminess to his heavy-lidded eyes that betrays a pleasant element of sentimentality in his make-up.

BILL'S
thoughtful, exact
changeable moods
constructive
persuasive, fastidious
strong individuality

Gazing *at* and Bill!

those who would *know* as well as feel their way about. Hers are cooler, more mental; his quite sensitive and romantic. As a matter of comparison, though, we might say that their outlook on life is as much the same as their well-paired eyes.

Carole Lombard's brow is even broader, fuller, higher than her mate's. This would indicate the careerist tendency seen so much among the womanhood of this age —a mental rebellion against the old-time idea that a woman's place is in the home. Women with such heads are often so broad-minded, original, and outspoken that conservative, literal-minded and "goody-goody" people find them uncomfortably frank. So if you share this type of brow remember that most people go by their old established beliefs and habits of thought so you will be considered not only bold but bad if you express a broadly evolved idea of your own. There are many successful writers, composers, and creators with such imaginative brows.

William Powell's face is as pyraform or wide at the temples as his wife's but more angular and backward sloping, so I have an idea he often chides her for being too imaginative and modernistic, probably telling her not to confuse modern theories with facts. His eyebrows are heavy, rather tip-tilted, giving the face an alert and keenly observing look, and yet there is a dreaminess to the heavy-lidded eye that shows great sentimentality.

All people with such brows love to take a quick calculating appraisal of all that comes within their view. They are a wee bit suspicious in taking their valuation of thoughts or things from others. Like Ignatius Donnelly, they say shame on my brother if he fools me once but shame on me if he fools me twice! So Mr. Powell has the brow of the scientist and sophisticated, while Mrs. Powell's is of the spontaneous and original extremist who likes to feel that anything that can be clearly imagined can and will be created.

The world needs both types of brows and the minds that they indicate. Hers as a stimulus to even greater achievement, his carefully to check thoughts and things lest too much imagination and experimentation lead us astray.

For a couple who have this (*Continued on page 82*)

Carole and Bill, in this charming domestic interlude, offer a good opportunity for comparison. Both have the keen, clear eyes that show superior perception. Carole's are cooler, more mental; Bill's are sensitive and romantic.

Amelia Earhart

Miss Earhart won the astonished acclaim of the entire world a year ago when she braved the untold dangers of trans-oceanic flight and conquered the Atlantic in better time than Charles A. Lindbergh's!

The world's most famous woman flyer, in an exclusive SCREENLAND interview, tells some trenchant truths about aviation and its place in the movies

By
Mortimer Franklin

Amelia Earhart, in her epic solo "hop" across the Atlantic, achieved what no other woman has accomplished before or since. She is today an outstanding figure in the air transport industry. Now, out of an intimate knowledge of Hollywood and the movies, as well as of aviation, she says some well-chosen words about flying, flyers, and, particularly, flight films

AMELIA EARHART doesn't think she knows anything about drama!

The young woman flyer whose epic solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean fired the world's imagination doesn't believe she knows what constitutes good drama in the films. The aviatrix who performed a feat that no other woman has accomplished before or since, mistrusts her judgment on what is exciting and what is all in the day's work! She insists that dramatic values in aviation pictures are a closed book to her—that she can judge them only from the viewpoint of a practical pilot.

A Hollywood interlude. Miss Earhart and her husband, George Palmer Putnam, the former publisher who is now a story executive, are the world's only regular airplane commuters between New York and Hollywood. He' the' are informally at the Pa ount' studio with Gene Raym' 'ailu- lah, and Jeanette MacDona.

Looks *at the* Films!

Miss Earhart was discussing the aviation film, that perennially important phase of modern motion pictures, in an exclusive interview for SCREENLAND. Discussing it modestly, diffidently, almost shyly, as though what she had to say about it were just one woman's—any woman's—viewpoint, rather than that of one who knows more about flying than almost any other person in the world. With pleasant informality and good humor, seated in the office of her husband, George Palmer Putnam, the well-known publisher, writer and adventurer, (who is Chairman of Paramount's Editorial Board in New York), she answered questions regarding sundry whys, wherefores and howevers of aviation in the American cinema.

"Do I think the motion pictures have made the most of the dramatic possibilities that aviation holds?" She considered the question a moment, her frank, pleasant features made pleasanter still by a ready smile as replete with warmth as it is devoid of affectation.

"No, I don't think they have. But that," she added quickly, "is speaking only from the viewpoint of a practical flyer. I'm not going to pass judgment on dramatic values from the standpoint of the motion picture, because it's a thing I don't know about." Here she smiled across to where Mr. Putnam sat at his desk, as though to indicate that she felt perfectly safe in leaving considerations of motion picture technique to him.

"Certainly I feel," she continued thoughtfully, "that there is a great deal of color, human interest and suspense in flying which the films have yet to discover. And I'm not speaking of the more sensational aspects of aviation such as military or stunt flying, but of regular transport flying.

"I think it's too bad when aviation movies depend for their excitement upon plane wrecks, lost flyers, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps that's good drama, perhaps it isn't; but it certainly isn't modern aviation. It's an unfortunate point of view, though understandable enough, that producers sometimes adopt toward pictures: they feel that they must drag in a few crack-ups to provide 'thrills.' There was a picture based on the air mail, not long ago, in which planes crashed right and left. But that's no more representative of the air mail service than a train wreck every half hour or so would be truly representative of rail transportion."

Amelia Earhart goes over some reels of film with Gary Cooper in Hollywood. Gary, who plays a flight officer in "Today We Live," knows where to turn for expert judgment on flying scenes.

I inquired as to whether war aviation pictures did not, in her opinion, throw the same type of melodramatic spotlight upon flying in general.

"As an individual I'm opposed to war, anyway," she replied, "and naturally I think it's extremely unfortunate that war should be emphasized, and to some extent even glorified, in any kind of film. Then again, the destructive possibilities of aviation are its least important attribute from the standpoint of civilization. Therefore, to put chief emphasis upon the airplane as a weapon of war would be to distort its true place in the scheme of things.

"Aviation has grown up, you know. It isn't a plaything any more. It has become a serious and useful industry, taking its place in modern life much the same as other forms of transportation—the railroad and the ocean liner, for example. And just as these things have their own inherent romance, so too has aviation—quite apart from the more obvious 'thrills' of dangerous flying.

"Some day, let's hope, the films will do for the great epic of the airplane what they've already done for the prairie schooner in 'The Covered Wagon' and for the locomotive in 'The Iron Horse.' That's where the real

THE FILMS HAVE YET TO DISCOVER AMELIA EARHART

DAMES EARHART LICKS FRANKLY ABOUT AVIATION FILMS

Who said that women who do great things in the world must sacrifice feminine charm? Look at this picture of Amelia Earhart and Marlene Dietrich, and decide—we can't!—as to who carries off the honors!

romance of aviation is to be found—in the tale of its heroic beginnings and its growth and expansion—the way it has spread wings over America and dotted the country with airports and beacons. From the standpoint of the everyday flyer—*my* standpoint—that's a great story. As to whether it's film drama or not—that's somewhat out of my province, don't you think?"

And yet, for all her diffidence regarding knowledge of dramatic values, she has come perilously close to proclaiming an important truth to which producers might well pay heed. The great masterpieces of literature—the great dramas and the most powerful tragedies that have lived through the ages—contain little of actual violence or sudden death, and nothing at all of great flying ships being smashed to smithereens. This is the stuff of melodrama—that gaudier and more superficial sister of true drama. The latter concerns itself with the conflicts of men's souls and their destinies. It is such conflict, rather than "thrill" drama, that the aviation films have yet to show us.

Isn't it about time, I asked the première woman flyer of her time, that the films, which have repeatedly sung the saga of the he-flyer in all his wonder and glory, should pay some attention to the ladybirds—those whose achievements have rivaled in importance and renown the deeds of the men?

"We mustn't get confused about the importance of women flyers," she smiled. "After all, you must take into consideration the fact that there are only about 600 licensed women pilots in the United States, whereas there are more than 17,000 men. There are several reasons why that is so now but I don't see that ultimately any distinction will be made except on the basis of individual ability.

"It's true that there haven't been any pictures centering about women's part in aviation, while men's achievements have been glorified over and over. And"—again that diffidence—"while I'm not prepared to speak about dramatic values, it seems to me the more progressive thing would be legitimately to feature women in such

Not "looking down" on the movies! Mr. and Mrs. Putnam are merely keeping a watchful eye on the shooting of a scene.

pictures."

These remarks were made, be it noted, before the release of Katharine Hepburn's picture, "Christopher Strong," in which Miss Hepburn does play the part of a woman flyer; but that picture has as its theme the heart problems of one particular aviatrix, rather than the contribution of women in general to aviation.

Miss Earhart, if she cared to, might claim more knowledge of the motion pictures in their relation to aviation than accrues to her by reason of her flying eminence and her keeping in touch with the better aviation films that are produced. She lived for several years in Hollywood, had some of her earliest flying experience there, and numbers some of the most prominent stars among her close friends, including Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, whose guests she and Mr. Putnam have frequently been at Pickfair.

Mr. Putnam's circle of friends is particularly large among directors and actors who are concerned with adventure pictures, on which he is a leading authority and for many of which he has been the initiating force. Not that he attempts to specialize in this type of film; but as an experienced explorer his mind is full of the fascination and excitement to be found in expedition and animal pictures. Even before he became directly connected with the films, he was one of the moving spirits in the production of "Wings" and in the bringing of Admiral Byrd's South Pole picture to the screen. Paramount's current thriller, "Murders in the Zoo," was entirely his own idea.

George Palmer Putnam and Amelia Earhart Putnam in a striking camera study by Hal Phyfe. Mr. Putnam, whose chief hobby is exploring and adventuring, is an authority on "thrill" pictures.

Seated before his desk, a tall, lithe, athletic figure, he talked about his motion picture ideas with the same energy one imagines him putting into Arctic adventuring.

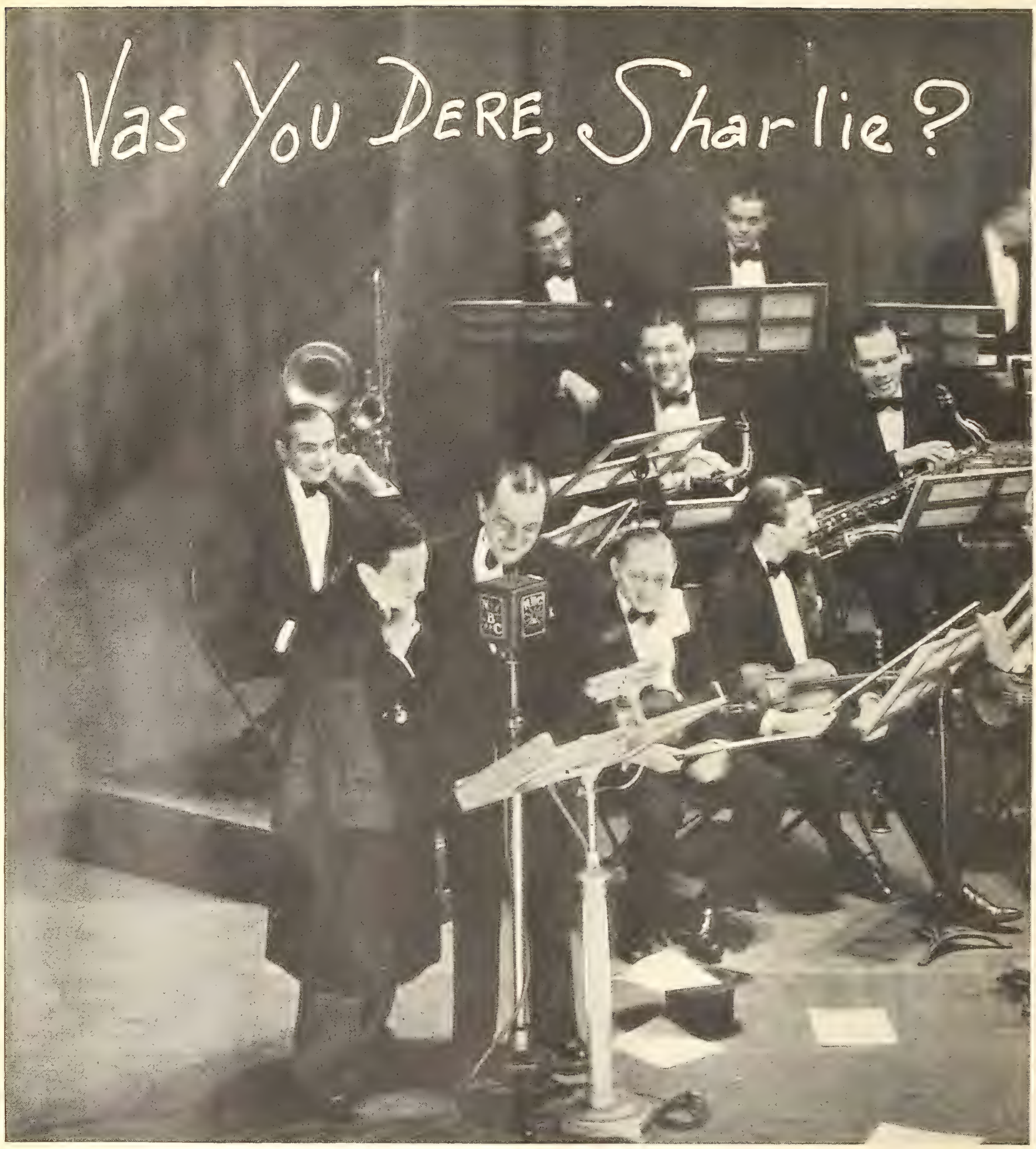
"I thought it logical," he explained, referring to "Murders in the Zoo," "and incidentally a whale of a good stunt, to combine the natural excitements of the 'zoo' type of picture with a murder mystery. Two exciting themes, and incidentally more than ever popular at the moment, which together can't fail to provide the maximum of entertainment."

That, primarily, is his province—the evolution of ideas—special projects for stories, things out of the ordinary run of motion pictures. One of his most spectacular recent story "stunts" was the bringing together of ten nationally famous authors to write the story of "The Woman Accused," with the resultant variety of interest and great possibilities of exploitation.

Mr. Putnam, one learned with the refreshing feeling of discovering something new under the sun, is one story executive who is willing to concede that other departments of the film industry are important as well as his own. In answer to the question of whether he considers the scenario of chief importance in turning out good pictures, he drew this amusing parallel:

"It reminds me of that good old argument, Who won the war? The infantry, the artillery, the air corps, the navy, even a few bumptious fellows in the Military Police, all claimed the credit as their very own. And we're apt to run into the same situation in the movies. Obviously, no single factor of a fighting force can win a war without adequate co-operation from the others. An excellent story can be spoiled by poor casting, poor directing, inferior acting. By the same token, a poor story can be vastly improved by admirable directing, supreme acting, casting, and so on. But you can't get the maximum results unless the Big Guns who are the movies' artillery, and the infantry who are the rank and file of actors, and the intelligence department composed of the writers, and the general staff comprising the directors, each contributes its full share. Even the air corps, which we might compare to the actors who habitually 'go up' in their lines, has to do its bit.

"In many years of book publishing I have had any number of story ideas brought to me. My answer would always be, 'Well, write it down.' And too often, when it had been written, what had started out as a good idea turned out to be a poor story, for any form of drama, whether written, acted or photographed, depends as much upon its presentation as on its central idea, or story. This holds true particularly (*Continued on page 76*)



Question: When is a radio comic really good? Answer: When he can make the orchestra laugh! Note expressions of the music men as they listen to Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, as Baron Munchausen and Sharlie, broadcasting. They're all amused—except the doubtful fellow in the last row, who looks as if he has heard that one before.

Jack Pearl—Baron Munchausen to you—will soon star in a motion picture. We'll be there, Sharlie! Read all about "Radio's funniest man"

By Lester Gottlieb

The Pearl of Great Price!

WHILE presidents, senators, economists and industrial leaders have been racking their brains for a "way out," their candles burning into the wee hours of the night, along comes a comedian with the most potent and reliable of cure-alls—laughter. Fifteen million people look forward to Thursday nights as the time to forget their immediate cares, to relax and roar at the preposterous, but ever amusing fabrications of Jack Pearl, *Baron Munchausen* to you.

Now he's going into the movies to take his rightful place along with the mad Marxes, Jimmy Durante and Eddie Cantor. He has signed a contract with M-G-M with a salary of $100,000 a picture, thus starting one of the biggest exploitation campaigns ever accorded a son of Broadway. And that's what Jack Pearl is, a funny man with a guttural accent that brims over with Dutch and New York flavor. He's going westward around July 1st, with his erstwhile and ever-correcting friend Sharlie, and his creator, the idea-a-minute man, Billy K. Wells, to make more people laugh.

SCREENLAND, anxious to get a preview of Jack Pearl, who recently won a popularity contest polled by 127 radio editors, as the funniest man on the air, cornered him at a recent broadcast. Midst the noise and tensity of a radio program being relayed through fifty stations in the United States and Hawaii, we tried to talk to the Baron about his screen future. We call him by his title, because he answered our questions without stepping out of character.

"Baron," we asked, "what do you think of your chances in the movies?"

"I will be bigger than Garbo, Gable, and Mickey Mouse," he answered with a straight face.

"That's a large order."

"Not for the Baron."

"Have you had any previous movie experience?" we asked cautiously, never having seen his familiar face on the screen, except in a few shorts.

"I doubled for John Gilbert," he answered, his eyes popping with eagerness to continue.

"Doubled for John Gilbert?" we asked incredulously.

"Yes, the director wanted him to jump off a cliff two hundred feet below and I jumped it."

"Baron, that's incredible!"

"Come again, please?"

"That's exaggerated, implausible, absurd." We shrugged our shoulders, and then like a flash we fell into the trap, inveigled into a retort that's stopped many before us—we waited for what would be the death strike. Then it came between gasps and raised eyebrows:

"Vas you dere, Sharlie?"

No, we weren't there!

"I not only jumped down, but jumped back and finished the picture!"

Baron Munchausen himself

Sharlie thinks he's lying

But Munchausen can take it

And he can dish it out, too!

"Will your fan mail as a radio performer compare with that of a movie star?"

A wave of his hand blew that question to the winds. This was too easy for the Baron. It would take bigger and better questions to stop this greatest liar of them all.

"I get two million letters a day."

"Two million a day, why, that's terrific—even more than Joan Crawford."

"Not only that, I answer every one!"

A warning bell sounded and the excitable Mr. Pearl was once again whisked away from us; he had to go on and finish the broadcast. We stood in the little ante-room back of the wings, where the three or four gag-men sit at a table clocking every snicker, grin, and belly-laugh that comes from the seven hundred guests in the spacious Times Square studio, the weekly representatives of the huge unseen audience.

Mrs. Pearl sits close to the radio in the room, which is a throw-back from the mike her husband is sputtering into, smoking cigarette after cigarette of the brand that is paying for all this fun. Wells, the chief writer, taps his pencil nervously on the table, waiting for expected lines that are bound to go over. A smile a mile-long spreads over his creased face, as one of his creations brings forth a salvo of applause.

The dialogue is over. Everyone heaves a sigh. *Sharlie* comes in, nattily attired. You're going to see a lot of *Sharlie*—in private life Cliff Hall, Jack Pearl's "feeder," a rather good-looking fellow with a perfect radio and talkie voice, who is able to reel off the long vocabularies that excite the Baron's temper ever so often. Pearl comes in, anxious to hear the verdict from these people who know when he's good, when he's fair, when he's—missed. His face is red. Jack Pearl works harder in fifteen minutes than most actors do in eight reels. He takes off his costume. The night we were there he was all set to go deep-sea diving at the home of his friend who got himself in deep water, thus he was attired in an authentic diver's suit.

A cigarette is placed between his dried lips. He is given a towel, and a stack of telegrams from admirers. Let's take a look at his excellency, the Baron, with the grease-paint off, the mad costume stored in the closet, and the excitement over, as we joined him in his dressing room.

He's thirty-seven, about five foot seven with curly black hair, and a broad smile that is sincere and warm to everyone he meets. No temperamental outbursts or dogging of people that work with him. He's like an excited child that has just captured the heart of a school audience at his first recitation, happy because he can make others happy, successful because he knows his own powers. He doesn't want to play *Hamlet*, an aspiration which he (*Continued on page 75*)

One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

In this picture it's the women who do the chasing—the men who are chaste!

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

ELISSA LANDI

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

ERNEST TRUEX

DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Lang

A

FOX PICTURE

Who Said "Farewell To Legs"?

Dietrich started it! Now Madge Evans follows. But —turn the page and see what the fickle Marlene and some other screen beauties are doing now!

The charming little Evans girl, who seems to grow more lovely in each picture, dons a comfortable pair of slacks at the beach. Madge's next appearance will be in "Dinner at Eight," the George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber stage hit.

Harvey White

Don English

"Come-Back"!

HERE'S one of the greatest "return engagements" of the season—the celebrated Dietrich legs reappear in public! They're looking well, too, don't you think? Marlene looks like this in her new vehicle, "The Song of Songs."

ARY GRANT is another likely movie lad who's rising fast in the world. In fact, he s 'way above the clouds in his next picture. he Eagle and the Hawk," in which Cary plays a daring, dashing aviator.

Going Up!

Valling, Jr.

 Max Munn Autrey

Perturbed, Tracy?

WHY the glum look, Spencer? Mortified because the lovely Stanwyck over there is giving you the cold shoulder, *et al?* But you'd cheer up pretty quickly if you could see our mail and read all the nice things our readers have been saying about you and your screen performances!

mooth Scenery at Malibu!

Gorgeous girls in gay attire herald a colorful season

She pulls the wool over her eyes! Adrienne Ames is keen about this shell-pink pull-over sweater with thick ropes of twisted yarn at neck and shoulders. Combine them with a pair of jaunty white jersey slacks and a beret, and you've achieved the ultimate in beach beauty and comfort.

Robert Richee

And how do you like Lilyan Tashman's nautical costume? Her sailor dress is of bright blue crêpe stitched with white. Her gob hat is of white felt, the tie is white crêpe, the gloves are white suede. Bring out the yacht, Skipper!

Eugene Robert Richee

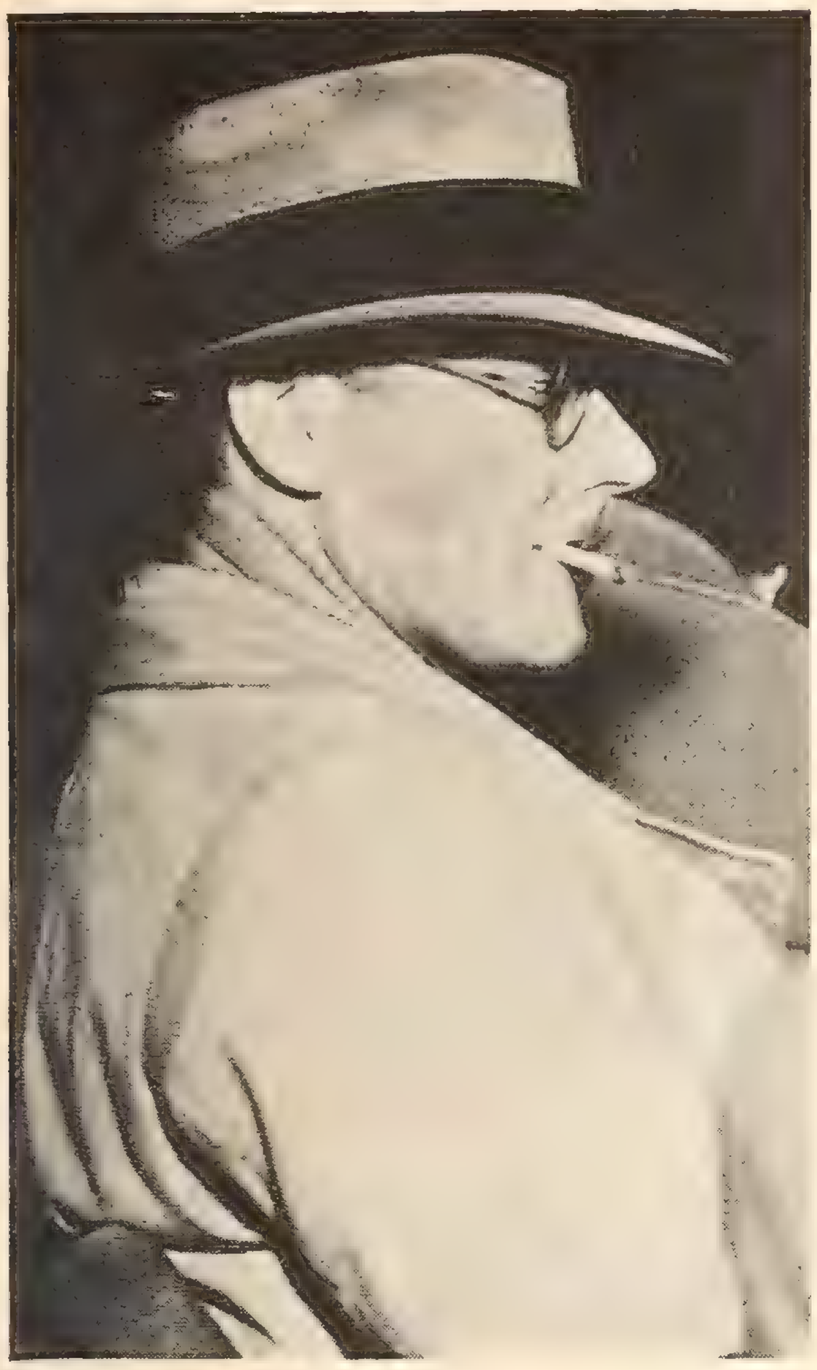
at the beach! Adrienne , above, introduces the st thing in beach togs—a antly colored bathing rug. large squares are practical ll as ornamental—the rug bs the water from wet ng suits. Incidentally, note Adrienne's beret matches her suit.

Stagg

Mac Julian, Warner Bros.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Narrow Corner"



Here's Ruggles in his character (right), as one of the screen's hilarious laugh-raisers. Left, Charlie the weary business man, seeking an evening's entertainment at the fights.

By Helen Harrison

Charlie Ruggles may play the fool —but only on the screen

Funny Man—Smart Contract!

WHY is it that all the down-at-the-heel actors and actresses who die secluded, pathetic, impoverished deaths are always the Hamlets of the stage or screen?

I don't know. I was wondering whether *you* had some theory. I know, however, that it invariably is true.

And I know, too, that the men who make people laugh in a Great Big Way have great big incomes. I guess it's the good old Law of Averages giving comedians substantial confirmation that making people happy and making people laugh is a real Mission—one that deserves singular reward.

It's the Harold Lloyds, the Chaplins, the Fairbankses, and the Cantors, (when they keep away from Wall Street), who roll up fancy grosses. It is our comedians who manage to reach middle age, or almost, so "independent," that if they don't care to go on in pictures or on the stage, they may travel, write their memoirs, or turn sophisticate.

Add to this list Charlie Ruggles—Charlie who has made people enjoy life in varying degrees from chuckles right on down to abdominal guffaws—and who is now "sitting pretty," if I don't miss my guess. While some of our leading screen personalities (dramatic) are all agog if they turn in six performances a year, Charlie has managed fourteen in twelve months!

Charlie loves the screen—and more particularly, the stage. He gave up the prospect of being Los Angeles' chief dispenser of pills—and continued on to dispense *with* them, in the movies. The Ruggles clan had always been engaged in the wholesale drug business, and the thought that Charlie would turn from *nux vomica* to *nux cinema* just couldn't occur to them. But it did to Charlie, and when, at fifteen, it was decreed by family edict that he should be a physician, Charlie revolted. He traveled to San Francisco, drugged only with the glow of the footlights.

That was about twenty years ago—and he's never come out of it!

Since then he has appeared in stock—playing old men and character rôles, for eight years—and then, after this absurd apprenticeship, he finally graduated to juvenile.

He appeared, subsequently, in comedy and musical comedy in the typical Morosco casts—whatever that meant—which included Lenore Ulric, Elsie Janis, Cyril Maude and Agnes Ayres. His first screen appearance was gained in the Morosco Productions which were filmed in Hollywood and released through Paramount.

In his rôle of the drunken reporter in "Gentlemen of the Press," you will recall he scored over-night. But he was never allowed to sober up. This worried him. The business bump was developing. He realized that if he went on playing drunks indefinitely his popularity would peter out. He rebelled in a dignified way. He just let it be known in the Ruggles manner—which, girls, is more charming than a comedian has any right—that his stand was definite and final. He won his point.

He definitely wants to "last." He wants to go on and on and on. *And* on. And what do you think he broke down and confessed to me that he wants to be? A movie executive, no less! This, undoubtedly, must be where his sense of humor serves him well.

He means it! And I'm perfectly willing to wager that what he wants to be he *will* be. For he is serenely willing to wait, and work hard while he's waiting. And, as I said before, he *has* a highly (*Continued on page 78*)

Going West!

She broke box-office records—and now they are hailing her as Queen of the Maes!

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

Mae West acquired that hour-glass figure especially for "She Done Him Wrong." Her next film is "Rings on Her Fingers," and it will be a jewel, or we miss our guess.

A TIDAL wave has engulfed the movie temples from coast to coast.

East is West, and South is West, and the whole country is West since Mae rolled in!

She is the newest sensation in Hollywood, New York and points between.

She is a star on Broadway, but a personality anywhere.

She knows her public, which threatens to be universal, and she knows precisely how to feed it what it wants.

In New York she drew twice as many people to see her as Ed Wynn drew to see him, both appearing the same week at different theatres, in conjunction with a picture. In Brooklyn she drew exactly twice as many people as the radio star. New Orleans reports smashed attendance records on "She Done Him Wrong" (the first West starring picture) and in Scranton, Pa., they stood up ten deep to see it.

Meeting Mae West is like attending a convention. You meet people going, coming, waiting, and there is an air of confusion strewn thickly about. She was in her Paramount theatre dressing-room, resting between two of her five performances daily.

You would hardly recognize the lady off-screen. She looks smaller, less spectacular of course, and lacking in that peculiar magnetism with which her stage personality is so richly endowed. She is blonde, fortyish, and informal.

For her stage appearance Mae bolsters those hips and pads that corset until she resembles a calendar girl of the '90s. Then she adjusts her "Merry Widow" hat to a rakish angle, and sweeps onto the stage, where she is nothing less than dynamic.

"I have that certain element, I guess," said Mae. "People like it, and I give it to 'em."

No one knew about Mae West when she was singing and dancing in vaudeville, in revues with Frank Tinney and Ed Wynn, and in cabarets. No one took heed of her until the night "Diamond Lil" was born, with free beer between the acts. "Diamond Lil" was an old-fashioned melodrama with the new freedom from inhibitions and it clicked from the start. Standing room only was the rule at all performances, and at every performance Mae West panicked 'em.

Then there was "Sex," a less than scientific approach to the subject, and Mae began touring the provinces as *Diamond Lil*. Her success hither, thither and yon was universal.

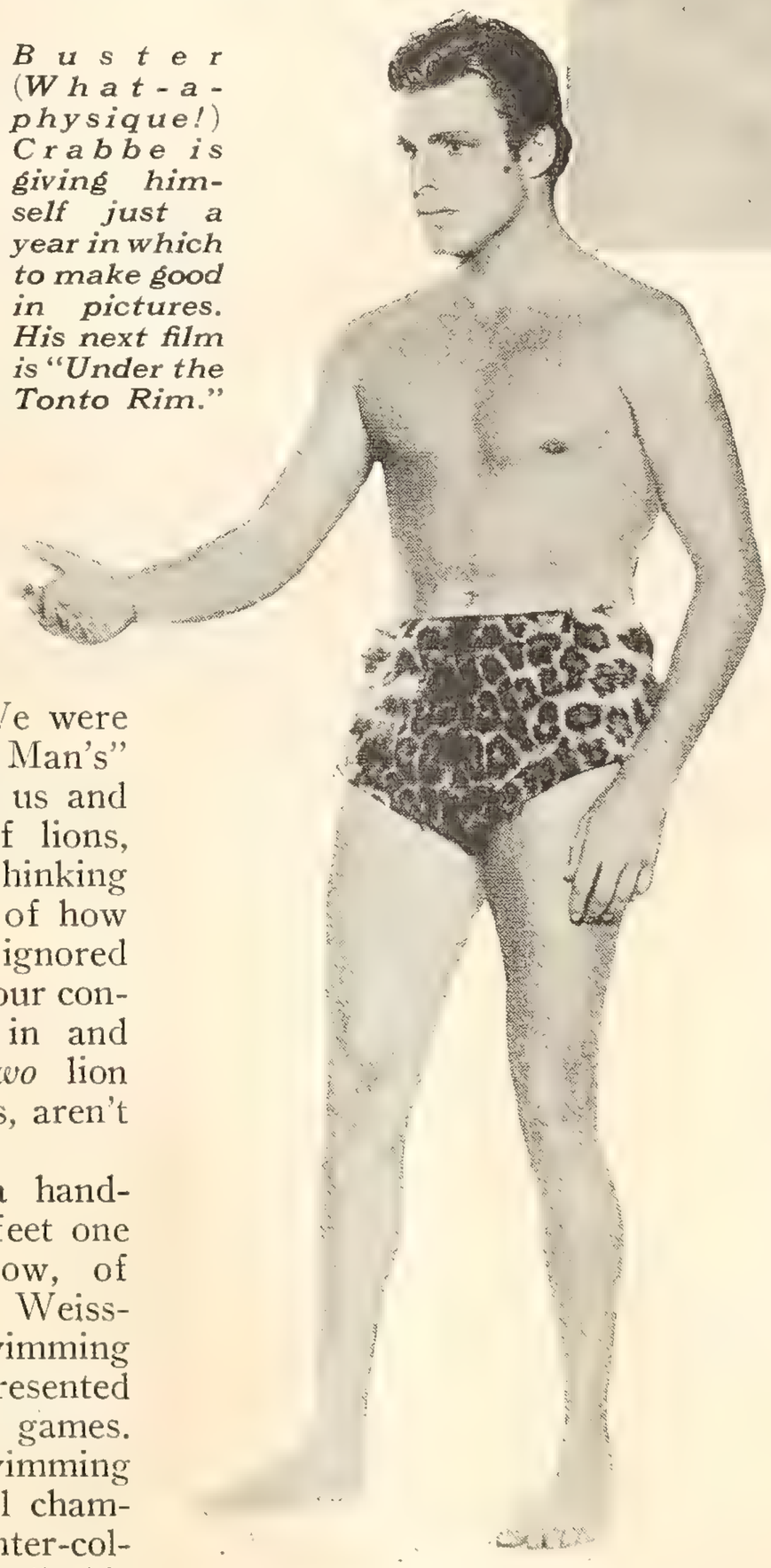
At this point Hollywood began to think of celebrating Mae West in pictures. After several conferences and caucuses she was signed by Paramount. A trial spin in "Night After Night" was quickly followed by the phenomenally successful "She Done Him Wrong" which represents what the purists have left of "Diamond Lil."

It is the West manner of (*Continued on page 82*

Going Native!

The Jungle Boy, Buster Crabbe, is making audiences answer the call of the wild

By Evelyn Ballarine



Buster (What-a-physique!) Crabbe is giving himself just a year in which to make good in pictures. His next film is "Under the Tonto Rim."

AAH, Adventure! We were on our way to meet "The Lion Man." We had already met "The Ape Man"; seen "The Panther Woman"; gazed upon "King Kong." So we knew our way about the jungle.

Buster Crabbe was appearing "in person" at the Paramount Theatre, New York City. A tea in his honor was in progress back-stage. We were about to enter "The Lion Man's" den when a man accosted us and said, "If you're afraid of lions, better not go in there." Thinking it was just his bright idea of how to frighten femmes, we ignored the warning—and imagine our confusion when we walked in and found Buster fondling *two* lion cubs! "They're cute tricks, aren't they?" grinned Buster.

This "Lion Man" is a handsome and robust lad, six feet one inch tall. And you know, of course, that like Johnny Weissmuller he's an Olympic swimming champ, having twice represented America in the Olympic games. He holds five world swimming records, thirty-five national championships and countless inter-collegiate honors. Yet with all this glory to his credit, he's still a very modest young man. (Incidentally, his last name is pronounced "Crab," and not Crab-be.)

Buster is going to give himself one year to make good in pictures. "By that time I should know whether I have a future in films or not," he remarked. "At any rate, I shall have some money saved and I have a scholarship to Harvard, where I intend to study law.

"But just the same, I'm serious about pictures—I really want to make good. I wish I could make 'King of the Jungle' over again; I know I could be better in it."

Frances Dee, said Buster, was a great help to him in making the picture. She taught him camera tricks and showed him how to get the most out of his scenes. He's studying voice culture now—not because he thinks he can sing, but because it helps his speaking voice. "When I first spoke for the screen my voice was all wrong—I talked through my nose or something; anyway, it didn't sound right. But now you should hear my broad-A!"

We asked Buster what his real name was—and you should have seen the rosy glow radiate from his sun-tanned skin! "Must I answer that, teacher?" he said. Then he assumed an "I-can-take-it!" expression and said, "I was named *Clarence* but I had nothing to do with it! My father nicknamed me Buster, and I've answered to that name every since I can remember."

"Don't you think the name 'Buster' is rather juvenile for the screen—remember what happened to 'Buddy' Rogers," we reminded him. "I've been thinking very seriously of getting myself a new screen name," he admitted. "But, you see, I was publicized as Buster Crabbe, the Olympic swimmer, for my first picture."

When Buster was two years old his parents moved to Honolulu and lived there until he entered college. He learned to speak the Hawaiian language from the natives. He credits the Hawaiians with teaching him to swim. Buster would like to live in (*Continued on page 83*)

WHEN I hear some wise one sitting behind me at a Bette Davis picture repeat the widely circulated fable, "That Davis girl was only a little brown wren when she went to Hollywood. They say she was nobody. She didn't know how to act, and it took some extra girl to tell her to bleach her hair before she got a break!" I laugh and yawn and give my program a bored rattle.

To be sure, the golden-skinned, golden-haired Bette Davis, motion picture star, who arrived in New York via the famous "42nd Street Special," *is* more ravishing and glamorous than the blue-eyed ingénue who lived in the same old brownstone house that I did on West 48th Street in New York not long before Universal signed her for her first Hollywood venture two years ago. The venture that was made up of gingham and sad little second parts, and ended with the dictum that "Davis is through in pictures. She has no allure." Till George Arliss gave her a chance to change this in "The Man Who Played God."

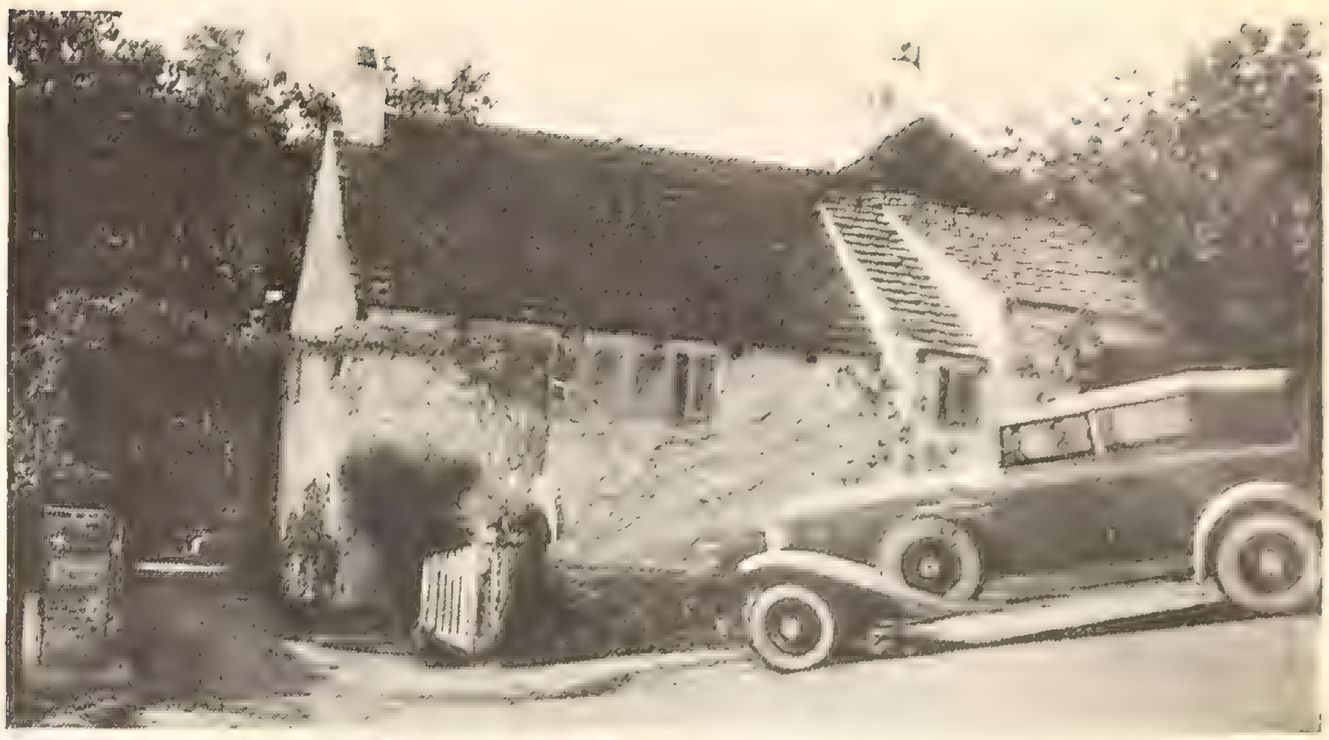
But Bette Davis did not have to go to Hollywood to become beautiful, though the Hollywood grooming *has* had a devastating effect. She was always lovely. No one who has ever seen her world's-biggest blue eyes could ever forget them. And she has always had distinction. The reason her mother took her to New York for dramatic training in the first place was that a famous producer urged her to. He said that it would never make any difference whether or not Bette had a line to speak in a play—she would always be looked at because she was so unusual.

I remember how pretty she looked when I used to see her dashing in and out of the old high-ceilinged house where we both lived while she was doing the ingénue in "Broken Dishes"—usually with a string of juveniles who looked as if they had just made, or were about to make, a raid on the larder. I must admit there were usually more young men than girls in the crowd. Bette made no bones of the fact that she preferred boys to her own sex.

I lived in the old remodeled dining-room opposite the front entrance, where I could hear Bette call up to her mother to stand at the head of the stairs while she came up through the deserted hall, when she came home from the theatre alone at night. It was an excellent place for a gossipy old meany to gather the material for an article

So Bette Davis was just "a little brown wren" before Hollywood transformed her, was she? Well, read what a friend "who knew her when" says about it!

By Betty Shannon



Here's the little white house built on a hill where Bette Davis lives. And her car that's almost as big as the house! And the little star herself standing at the gate.

full of reminiscence like this!

Bette was wearing that winter a smart little brown suit with a fox collar. She called it her first "real suit." Though she had by no means achieved the flair for wearing sophisticated, high-powered clothes which she proves she possesses in her first starring vehicle, "Ex-Lady," she had a little way of her own, even then, which was not at all like a wren.

No, Bette Davis was never a little brown wren. Never! A wren always stays a wren. It never grows the brilliant plumage of the gold-finch that is today's Bette Davis, movie star—flashing about serving tea, answering telephones, receiving homage and callers in golden silk lounging pajamas to match the new gold of her hair.

But underneath the more glamorous exterior she is still the same natural, intelligent, witty, outspoken girl that she always was.

Bette is a very blonde Hollywood star now, posing for pictures like this one. But at heart, has she changed? The story will interest you, you and you!

She likes pretty-clothes pictures. She thinks the public does, too, and she never wants to do anything but well-dressed films again. "Squalor isn't entertaining," she says. "Why should it be thought to be?"

She is glad that she did not start off dazzlingly in pictures. She feels that it is much sounder to build up than to uphold a standard you are not yet up to maintaining. She hopes, however, that she will not become so engrossed in pictures that she will not have sense enough to return to the theatre in two or three years and do "Barrie" parts. But everybody tells her she will not.

She thinks her new husband, "Ham"—as she disrespectfully calls Mr. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., whom she romantically married last summer—is perfect, and more fun than any one else in the world. They are interested in all the same things, and have a grand time together.

Movie star at home? Yes, except that Bette is a different sort of "movie star," and it's a simple, unpretentious home. This is Bette's favorite corner, where she curls up in the sun on her rare days off.

She wants to do "Alice in Wonderland"—which, of course, is a well-dressed picture in a marvelous way of its own.

She became aware of the yearning to do "Alice" on the afternoon of the golden pajamas and tea, the day after she arrived in New York. There were several "knew her whens" present. One of them was Miss Florida Friebus, author with Miss Eva Le Gallienne of the Civic Repertory version of "Alice in Wonderland" which has been making such a stir in New York this year.

Miss Friebus and Bette had played together with Miss Blanche Yurka in Ibsen's "The Lady From the Sea." They had not seen each other since Bette had gone into pictures.

But the amusing thing was, that Bette, out on the coast, had not heard about Florida's "Alice." And Florida, on the other hand, had not heard a word about Bette's marriage to the incomparable "Ham" whom she had known since school days at (*Continued on page 80*)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

REVIEWS *of the* Best Pictures

By Delight Evans

The Masquerader
United Artists

Ronald Colman's last picture? NO! It can't be; it's too good. When you have all seen it you'll be writing Ronnie so many ardent letters that he'll have to hurry back to work in self-defence. "The Masquerader" is a good, hearty controversial picture, not the conventional Colman starring piece. There are two Colmans—one, the heroic Englishman he plays so naturally; the other, a character creation of a brilliant, unbalanced *Mr. Hyde* of a man. Both are fascinating figures. You'll have a good time watching Colman the Good masquerading as Colman the Bad; you'll enjoy the double-exposure tricks; and how you'll thrill—I hope—to the scenes in which Mr. Hero nobly resists Mr. Villain's wife's charms. She's Elissa Landi, and never lovelier. "The Masquerader" does right by Colman the good actor, and at the same time satisfies his regular, dyed-in-the-wool, simply silly customers, including this reviewer, who'd be content to watch Ronnie in a series of close-ups. Ah, me!

Ex-Lady
Warners

Smart and sophisticated—naughty, to you—is this new number which brings Bette Davis to you in big electric lights for the first time. I'm glad to report that Bette bears out SCREENLAND'S predictions for her. The picture isn't as good as her performance, nevertheless it's worth your while. A few years ago this might have been taken seriously as a problem play about our flighty younger generation, but now rather bright dialogue deadens the sound of that cracking of thin ice upon which our heroine and her gang are skating. Bette, the veddy, veddy modern gel artist, is in love with Gene Raymond but fears that marriage will spoil everything. Against her will the wedding bells clank, and then, sure enough, troubles pile up, proving to Bette that she was right all along, but proving to the audience nothing in particular. Fortunately Miss Davis is extremely decorative in her spectacular new clothes; Gene Raymond is nice, and Frank McHugh is, as usual, pretty funny. Monroe Owsley menaces.

Private Jones
Universal

Cheers! Here's a picture! First, it stars Lee Tracy. Second, it debunks War. Third, it's lusty, down-to-earth entertainment. No more cracks from the cinema's critics if this sort of thing goes on. For "Private Jones" is no hero; he's a thoroughly commonplace young man who didn't want to go to war, anyway, and who, once drafted, proceeded to spend most of his time fighting everything and everybody except the enemy. Tracy, as the soldier-in-spite-of-himself, charges through his scenes with grand gusto, compelling your attention, amusement, and even sympathy. His "Private Jones" will do more to end war than all the pacifist propaganda ever collected. But whether you are pacifistic or militaristic you'll enjoy "Private Jones," because it is always swell entertainment. Donald Cook, Gloria Stuart, and Frank McHugh are splendid. As for Tracy, the Great Debunker—well, I can't give him the Honor Page *every* month, can I? But I don't mind admitting that there's no other actor I'd rather give it to!

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

A Month of Fine Performances! Here Are the Best:

Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader"
James Cagney in "Picture-Snatcher"
Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"
Alice White in "Picture-Snatcher"
Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings"
Jack Oakie in "Hell to Heaven"
Gregory Ratoff in "Sweepings"
Lee Tracy in "Private Jones"
Helen Mack in "Sweepings"
Bette Davis in "Ex-Lady"

The White Sister
M-G-M

Another Helen Hayes triumph! I can't think of another actress who could have played this rôle so beautifully. In fact, I can't think of any other actress who would be even bearable. You'll leave the theatre raving about the Hayes histrionics rather than the picture. You'll like Clark Gable as the *Don Juan* of the Italian army who falls in love with Helen. But in spite of the Hayes-Gable combination, the silent version with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman still holds the honors—or were we over-sentimental in those dear, dead days? For those who missed the first screen transcription of F. Marion Crawford's romance—it's the thwarted love story of a dashing officer and a daughter of the nobility, a heart-throbbing tale of the old school, in which the lovers are kept apart by an unsympathetic father, a cruel war, and finally by fate, for the heroine, having become a nun, has taken her final vows by the time her lover returns. Advice to girls: bring extra eyelashes—it's weepy!

Picture-Snatcher
Warners

Welcome back, Jimmy Cagney. Oh, yes, I know you made a picture called "Hard to Handle." But here's your real come-back, in which you're bold and bad and altogether irresistible. Just what we've been waiting for! As an ex-crook who tries to go straight in the newspaper racket, stealing and snatching pictures for the front page of his very yellow tabloid, Cagney is as we desire him—fists flying, girls dodging, sinning with a smile. There's so much action you won't stop to wonder whether it's all believable until later, and then it doesn't matter, when you've had more than your admission money's worth of excitement and suspense. And before I forget it, I want to pin a medal on Alice White for being the gamest and cutest target Cagney has ever had. Patricia Ellis is sweetly pretty as the picture's legitimate love interest. But don't miss Jimmy snapping the garter of one of his admirers. (Wish *I* could have entered that "Visit Cagney in Hollywood" contest!)

Sweepings
RKO

See this screen drama by all means. It is one of the finest ever produced. See it when you are craving full-flavored, rich entertainment. "Sweepings" has power and strength and splendid performances—but it is hardly sparkling or cheery. You should not select it when you're in a "42nd. Street" mood. Lionel Barrymore and his supporting cast, directed by John Cromwell, have been inspired to heights in interpreting the story of a department-store owner and his family, through the years from the Chicago Fire to the present. Barrymore, as the father, watches his children, three sons and a daughter, grow up with great hope in his heart, for he is building his store as their heritage. The changing fortunes of the family and the store provide the drama. The acting is superlative. Among the younger players Helen Mack stands out as a vital, rather thrilling new personality. Watch this very real little girl. She has something of Clara Bow's untamed intensity. For the rest, see Honor Page!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Here's *a* "Record" Contest!

Strike up the band, Paul Whiteman! Here's "The King of Jazz" conducting his orchestra. And if you'd like his autographed record then enter our contest!

Ben Bernie

Leo Reisman

Radio "records" not to be broken! Get aboard SCREENLAND'S record contest special—win a phonograph record autographed by your favorite radio orchestra leader. Choose him from among these fourteen headliners—then read and find out how to win your disc

By Evelyn Ballarine

Wayne King

Eddy Duchin

I'M GOING to deviate from my usual radio chatter this month and proposition you! I want your answer in writing, too!

You see, it's like this: Your ether friends want to thank you for listening in on their programs and for the many kind and constructive letters you send in about their work. They have asked SCREENLAND, RCA-Victor and Brunswick recording companies to co-operate with them. Being all pals together, we went into a huddle; and when we emerged I had autographed records from the following fourteen famous radio orchestra leaders: Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz. Guy Lombardo, the Canadian boy who made good in America. Eddy Duchin, the piano-playin' fool. Ben Bernie, the lad who made "Yowsah!" famous. Don Bestor, the song writing conductor. Rudy Vallee, king of the crooners. Cab Calloway, Harlem's jazz hound. Collegiate Ozzie Nelson, the musical ex-gridiron star. And Isham Jones, Leo Reisman, Wayne King, Nat Shilkret, Ted Weems, and Gus Arnheim.

And now here's where *you* head in. You undoubtedly

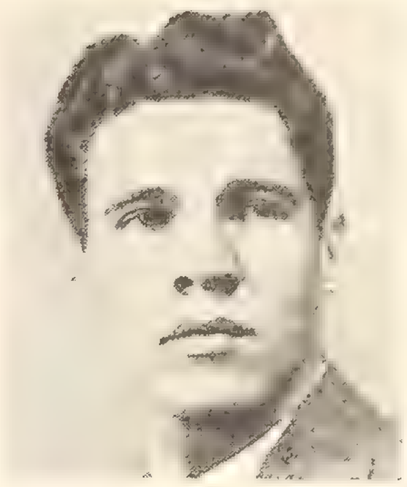
"All ri[illegible] Guy!" as George Burns would say. sweet and hot for the SCREENLA[illegible] reco[illegible] man who writ[illegible]

Rewards *from* Radio Maestros!

RULES

For SCREENLAND'S Autographed Record Contest:

1. Select your favorite orchestra leader from those mentioned herewith.
2. Write him a letter, not more than 150 words, telling him the reasons why you tune in on him and, if you like, offer constructive criticism.
3. In case two letters are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.
4. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.
5. This contest will close at midnight on the 24th of May, 1933.
6. Address your letter to Radio Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



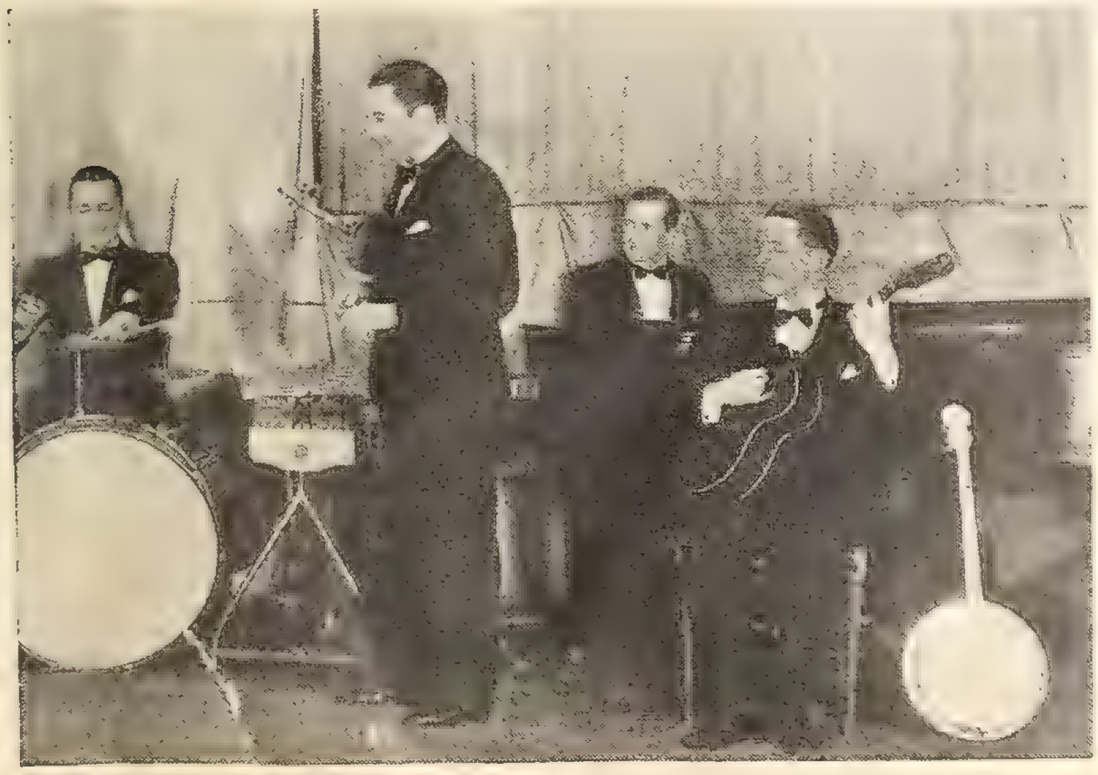
Ozzie Nelson

Don Bestor

Nat Shilkret

Ted Weems

Portrait of Rudy Vallee giving an imitation of Maurice Chevalier giving an imitation of Vallee imitating Chevalier—well, anyway, Rudy's giving a record, too!



Guy Lombardo is telling his boys to make it contest. The record goes to the Lombardo letter about that Guy!

have a favorite in that thar list of orchestra leaders—pick your man! Then write a letter, not more than 150 words, telling the reasons why you tune in on your favorite bandsman. The best letter about each of these fourteen radio musicians will win for its author a record autographed by his or her favorite conductor.

What is there about Rudy Vallee's music that makes your feet dance? What makes you want to tune in on Don Bestor's orchestra? Why is Paul Whiteman headman on your list of radio raves? Or perhaps it's Ye Old Maestro, Ben Bernie; or Gus Arnheim, Eddy Duchin, Ted Weems, Isham Jones, Wayne King, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, Nat Shilkret, Leo Reisman? Whoever he is, he wants to be as much "in person" in your home as possible and this is his way of achieving a semblance of it.

Now get inspired—get that rhythm! They'll supply the music—you write the words!

And—surprise! A similar contest will be announced next month. Wait until you see the galaxy of radio stars we have lined up!

Screenland's

JOAN CRAWFORD *gives you her* Glamor Secrets!

Joan's first rule of charm: Be your most decorative! All American girls may thank Miss Crawford for lifting them right out of the fashion doldrums. Joan believes in colorful clothes. Exaggerate your good features, minimize those not-so-good. Joan collaborated with Adrian in designing this dashing black velvet costume with pleated white organdie trimming. The ruffles adorn the short sleeves, make a flattering jabot effect at the neck, and there's a separate shoulder-cape with stand-up organdie collar.

Can your eyes stand the close-up test? See that small picture of Joan to the right, and note how carefully the star has enhanced the value of every eyelash! Study the clean-cut eyebrow arch—Crawford scorns those hairline eyebrows, preferring the more natural effect.

We picture girls must be always well-groomed, says Joan, always immaculate. And how do you like the matching linen gloves Joan wears with her red linen frock?

Glamor Editor—

Linen for ladies, says Joan! You're cool and correct in linen for sports, and even for more formal appearances. Joan enjoys the linen dress she is wearing at the right. It's bright red, my pets, with white embroidered dots! One of those frocks, in which a gal may be at once demure and devilish!

Joan is a jacket fancier! In the picture at the right across the page she shows you one of the tailored linen jackets of which she has acquired a selection this season.

Glamor School

Elbows are important! Joan Crawford never neglects a detail of exquisite care and fastidiousness. She has what they call "artists' elbows": positively perfect!

Here is Joan wearing her pet "peppermint candy" dress! Red and white stripes, and pretty dazzling, but part of Joan's colorful program. The ruffled-organdie shoulder cape is just one of Joan's many ideas for topping evening ensembles.

Your smile is only as dazzling as your teeth. Joan's a lovely illustration. So don't forget all those good old dentrifice rules.

Photographs of Miss Crawford posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Clarence Sinclair Bull, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Hand *of* Beauty

By

Margery Wilson

AT A Hollywood party a great director said that a woman's age and temperament showed more in her hands than in any other feature. Some one suggested that we try out the idea in a game. The women were to go behind a screen, take off their rings and extend their hands into view. The men were to try to identify them, to guess their ages and to describe their natures. The age guessing was embarrassingly accurate, though none of the stars would admit it, and the game died of unpopularity.

Standards of beauty in hands have changed. The soft, dimpled hand that used to be the hope and envy of every woman is today considered uninteresting. A hand must now have some indication of strength in it to be considered beautiful. What with cars to drive, tennis rackets to wield, and careers to shape, a boneless, useless hand is outmoded. The successful woman has a crisp, capable-looking hand that can very well grasp the reins of big business, manage a husband, and hold her own emotions under control.

These modern hands tell an interesting story of the metamorphosis of women. Their diary would be a breathless record of all manner of activities. The same hands that carry a gun to shoot lions in Africa may gracefully light a cigarette on a moon-drenched balcony in Venice; only to return home to plant a row of iris in the cool, rich earth on the shady side of the house; later to be seen in the lap of a smooth and lovely white satin frock.

Consider the hands of Claudette Colbert, among the most interesting in Hollywood. Her hands show her to be impulsive, restless, therefore it would be folly to try to hem her in. It has been tried unsuccessfully. Her hands are dramatic, pictorial, yet never more important than her face.

Speaking of hands that indicate control, have you ever noticed Constance Bennett's?

Modern hands tell a woman's intimate story of success or failure! Consider Claudette Col[illegible] Her hands are dra[illegible] impor[illegible]

Restless hands, soothing hands, greedy hands, generous hands, strong hands, weak hands, successful hands, uncertain hands! See them everywhere, more expressive than faces. Your hands express the real You!

Every movement is so sure, their direction so positive, that you know her brain dominates her life. It is very hard for her to make her hands look helpless even when her parts require it. The little blonde Marquise has "Everything under control," thank you.

ZaSu Pitts' fame was originally built with her eloquent hands. In the hands of Gutzon Borglum, the great sculptor, you see the terrific energy and undaunted courage that would send a man to carve a mountain. Mary Pickford's hands are truly executive hands, but one seldom notices them, it is so difficult to pull your eyes away from her magnetic countenance.

The popularity of Clark Gable as a cave-man was accented by his rather barbaric hands. Valentino had barbaric hands with a thin veneer of artistry and civilization overlaying them. They added greatly to his fascination. One might go on and on with an absorbing pageant of famous hands. But we have practical work to do here as well. How are you and I going to make our own hands attractive and expressive?

To begin with, we should see that they look well cared for. No matter how you use or abuse your hands you are not forgiven lack of grooming for there are ways of keeping them nice under all conditions. It is so easy to tell you to wear gloves when you are doing unusually dirty work or play. But I know, and you know that I know, that it is hard to work in gloves and few women will wear them more than once or twice. So under these conditions protect your nails by putting soap under them before you begin. If you are going to tinker with your own airplane motor, dig in your garden, or what-not, just scratch a cake of soap and leave it caked under your nails. When your job is done take a brush to your nails and they will be cleaner than when you started!

Most of us hurry through the washing and caring for our hands. No wonder they get dry and red. No wonder the cuticle gets ragged. Take a little more time to dry your hands carefully and while they are still damp push the cuticle back from each nail with the towel. If you do this regularly every time you wash your hands and put a touch of oil or cream on the cuticle at night it will never require any additional treatment to keep it nice and smooth. (Please don't cut it!)

Another little stunt to keep your hands from getting red and to avoid that shrivelled look is to rub your hands as though you were putting on a pair of tight gloves. Do this when you are applying hand-lotion in the day-time and hand cream at night. Begin at the tips of the fingers and stroke toward the wrist. If your fingers are spatulate—that is, spread at the end—you can help to make them pointed by pinching them.

Your hands are washed so much that you must use something to restore the natural oil to the skin or it will age too quickly. Be sure your hand cream is really nourishing.

It really doesn't take much time to keep your hands lovely and it is so important! If your time is limited you can learn to give yourself a very expert manicure in fifteen minutes. Do it right after your bath, having filed your nails before you stepped into the tub. It takes a steady hand to apply the colored liquid polish. It is best to practice on the colorless variety. Any slips in the application are not so easily detected. The battle is still on between the bright colors and good old dependable "natural" or clear. Many well-groomed women vary the color of their nails for different occasions. If it is well applied and appropriate to your type and costume, there is no reason why you should not follow your fancy in the matter of nail-coloring.

The length of the nails is something else again. Extremely long ones are an affectation as unpleasant as curling your little finger over a tea-cup. One's hands should, after all, carry a fine interpretation of oneself, rather than take attention away from one's personality, one's individuality.

To use your hands well in an occasional descriptive gesture that aids conversation is fascinating if it is not overdone. The dramatic pose of Miss Colbert's hands is a prerogative of the actress. Neither she nor any other well-bred person keeps her hands on her face as she goes about in normal living.

The lovely hands of Claire Dodd bespeak fastidiousness and a fine determination. How nice it would be if we would all determine to express our fineness in our appearance so that we would get the credit for it and others would enjoy it! Use your hands to grasp the last measure of effectiveness.

Standards of beauty in hands have changed. The soft, dimpled hand that used to be the hope and envy of every woman is today considered uninteresting. See Claire Dodd's hands, expressing character and strength, as well as beauty.

Consulting Mother Nature's mirror! Boots Mallory and Irene Ware, two of the prettiest youngsters in Hollywood, keep tabs on what the sun is doing to those fresh young complexions by rolling over in the sand and gazing into this convenient little pond. And they can depend on Nature not to lie to them!

By Weston East

AND from whom do you think came official information that Greta Garbo will return to Hollywood? The studio? Her manager? Wrong in both instances.

Greta's Swedish cook was the first to know the truth, and is the only one who knows the actual date of the star's arrival. Greta wrote to her cook and gave her all the details. And if you think Miss Garbo is uncommunicative, you should attempt to get information out of her cook!

THE rumor is that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart will separate, with the probability of a divorce. "Incompatability" will be blamed, and Sue will retain custody of the baby, Carol Lee. Sorry, folks—'twas a happy union while it lasted! You may be seeing Sue in personal appearances before long.

CLARA BOW returned from Europe fifteen pounds overweight; she retired to her ranch, where the extra poundage was taken off . . . Allen Jenkins suffered an attack of neuritis so severe that he was taken to a hospital . . . Arline Judge absent-mindedly invited friends to dinner on cook's night off, so she prepared the meal herself . . . Sari Maritza wore trousered suits before Marlene Dietrich, but nobody said anything about it . . . "What kind of man will I marry? Why, I *am* married," and thus did Phylis Barry first acquaint Hollywood with the fact that she has a husband . . . Will Rogers and Warner Baxter offered to donate their salary checks to the needy during the bank holiday . . . Nancy Carroll, incidentally, had the laugh on the studios; on the day of the salary cut, her contract with Paramount ended.

IF SHE were Irish, you might say that Carole Lombard was born with "the luck of the Irish." At any rate, Carole lost the perfectly gorgeous star-sapphire ring given to her by hubby William Powell.

She was on the point of hysterics, when in walked a newspaperman and returned the ultra-valuable stone. He had found it in the gutter outside the studio.

How did he know who owned the giant sapphire? Listen, there is only one stone like it in all Hollywood, and *all* newspaper men know who owns it.

IN ANSWER to a query as to what are her favorite musical selections, a beautiful brunette star recently answered: "Among others, the compositions of Chopin." Does she mean Charlie Chaplin, that funny fellow?

THIS month's biggest screen close-up goes to Joel McCrea as a reward for one of the nicest deeds to come to light within recent weeks. Let me tell you the story:

The mother of a girl who occupies a small position at the RKO Studios, where McCrea is under contract, has been a hopeless cripple for months. Only by means of a wheel-chair, doctors declared, was it possible for her to move about.

Now wheel-chairs are expensive affairs, as the daughter of the stricken mother learned on inquiry. However, in order that she might give her mother as much comfort as possible, the girl commenced to save her pennies and nickels toward purchase of a chair. Denying herself every sort of pleasure and even a few necessities, she hoarded carefully. But she receives a small salary, therefore the fund grew very, very slowly.

Then McCrea heard of the little tragedy —a big tragedy to the mother and daughter—and without speaking a word to anybody (and particularly not to a member of the studio publicity department), he went to a surgical supply house and purchased a wheel-chair, which he sent to the afflicted mother.

And that is why I award the month's biggest screen close-up to that modest good fellow, Joel McCrea.

WHEN Ricardo Cortez was confined to a hospital for a month with Hollywood's worst attack of influenza, he studied carefully the institution's internes, nurses and attendants, for he was scheduled to play a young hospital doctor in a picture titled "Dead On Arrival." Wasn't it a fateful twist that a few days after he started work in the picture, Cortez had a relapse and was forced to return to bed?

James Dunn, who has never been in a hospital and probably doesn't know a nurse from a nun, fell heir to the Cortez rôle.

ONE of the strangest parallels in motion picture history occurred when, on the very day that "The King's Vacation" was released, President Roosevelt was fired upon in Florida.

The screen situation involving George Arliss was exactly similar to the circumstances of the Florida affair, even to the action of both President Roosevelt and Arliss, who rose and assured the real and the movie mobs, "I am not hurt."

Their attention drawn to the film by the likeness of real and imagined situations, lecturers have seized upon the motion picture and are vowing that it points the only return to normalcy.

Council of war? Two of the toughest hombres on the screen, Eddie Robinson and James Cagney, meet on the Warner lot. Congratulations on Edward, Jr., Mr. Robinson!

WHEN this appears in print, Ruth Chatterton will be in Ireland, meeting husband George Brent's "ould folks." After a brief stay on the Emerald Isle, where Brent was born, the couple will visit Spain, Miss Chatterton's favorite country, France, Germany and Italy.

The Brents expect to be away about three months, and to return to Hollywood and pictures about June first.

NORMA SHEARER'S three-years-and-six-months-old son threw an afternoon party into a panic, and the story bears telling. Guests were enjoying highballs, and the youngster wanted one, so he was supplied with a glass of orange juice. "Now what do you say?" hinted Norma. The Thalberg juvenile lifted his glass and said, "Here's mud in your eye!"

ANN HARDING has apparently succeeded the late Rudolph Valentino as the screen's greatest lover of horses. The blonde star owns a stable of mounts, among them two priceless Arabian steeds, and is considered Hollywood's finest woman rider.

Returning from her vacation near Palm Springs recently, she brought back several horses. These, added to her previous few, provide Ann with what racetrack devotees term "a string."

THE annual trend Malibu-ward is well under way, and already many of the actors and actresses have opened their summer homes beside the Pacific.

Fay Wray, Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Louise Fazenda, Arline Judge, Miriam Hopkins, Wynne Gibson, Bette Davis, Laura LaPlante and any number of lovely young bathing suit models may now be seen every week-end, and often during the week-days, sun-bathing and otherwise enjoying the glories of the ocean side.

Miss Wray resumes her position of last year as ping-pong champion, and George O'Brien again shares water prowess with Johnny Weissmuller, with Joel McCrea offering competition. On the tennis courts, Fredric March and Theodor Von Eltz reign supreme among the men, while Dorothy Lee and Elissa Landi are early season champions among the women.

Missing this season are Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, whose home burned down and has not been rebuilt. Constance Bennett, in Europe for several months, arrived late, as did Lilyan Tashman and Evelyn Brent, who were making stage appearances in other parts of the country.

AFTER fifteen years in motion pictures—six of them confronting a sound mike —Richard Barthelmess had an attack of stage fright when he was called upon to broadcast over the radio.

Dick was bold enough until he reached the microphone, but when he received the signal that the current was on, he became tongue-tied. A radio announcer saved the situation by rushing to Barthelmess' side and plying the star with questions.

In explaining his frozen tongue afterwards, Dick said, "I suddenly realized that millions of people were listening, and I was simply scared."

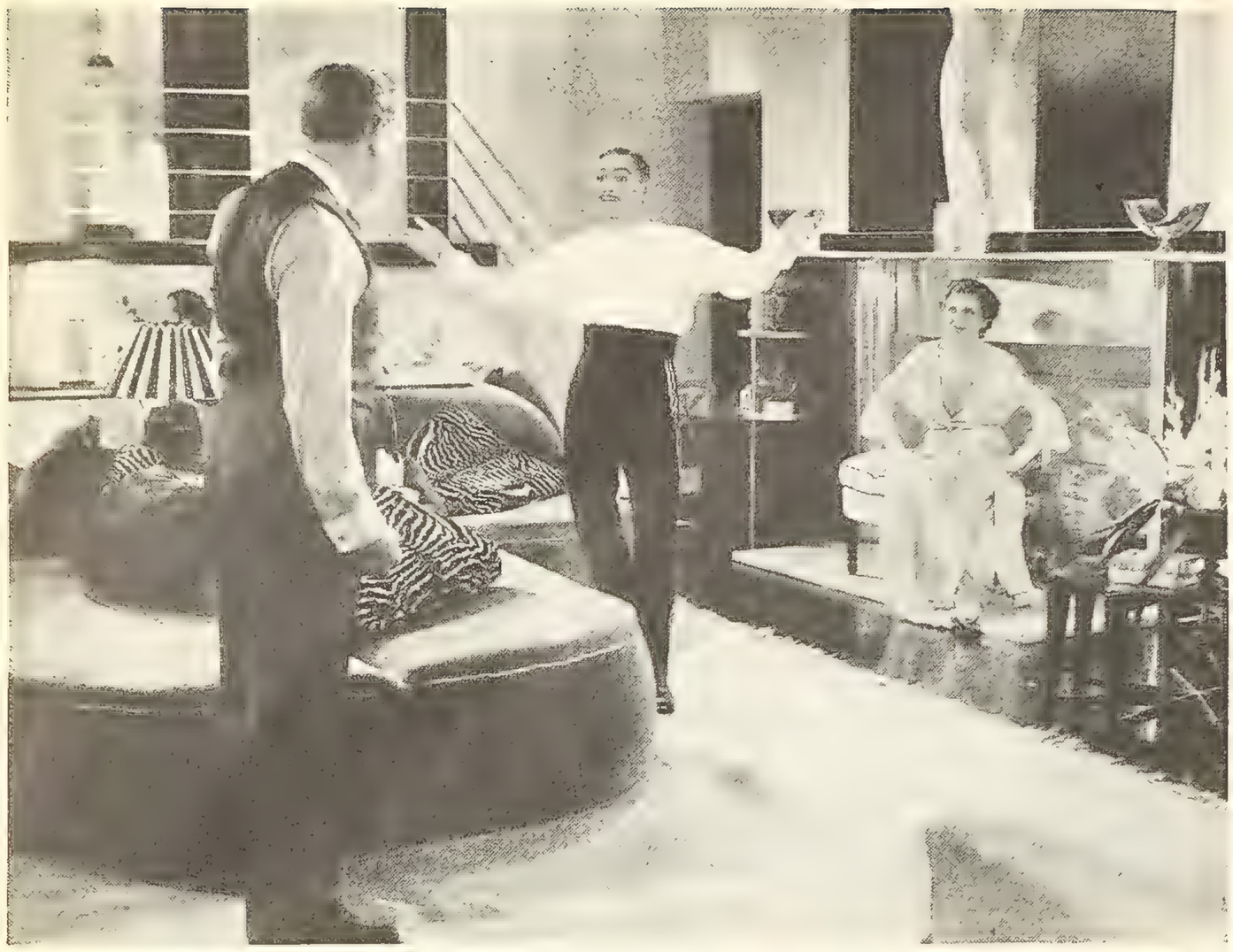
WHEN Mae Clarke's jaw was broken in an automobile crash, physicians had to re-set the member. Medical wire was used to hold it in place. While her jaw was thus bound, Mae could neither chew nor talk.

Among her callers at the hospital was Billy Bakewell. He took one look at the jaw and said, "I have visited hundreds of theatres that were wired for sound, but you are the first woman I have seen wired for silence."

BY THE time this is in print, Ronald Colman and Walter Byron will be in England. Yes, like Gloria Swanson, Boris Karloff, Constance Cummings, Esther Ralston and others, they will make at least one British motion picture.

Wide World

Karen Morley and her husband, director Charles Vidor, whose marriage surprised Hollywood a few months ago, sit in the cheering section at a polo match arranged by Will Rogers, that demon mallet-swinger, between two teams of movie actors. Seems like an exciting game, to judge by the expressions of Karen and her spouse.



"Prince John" revels in a good old-fashioned Barrymore rôle as a slightly mad Hapsburg Prince in "Reunion in Vienna," picturization of Robert Sherwood's stage hit. Diana Wynyard and Frank Morgan complete a trio of expert performers.

International

Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, arrived home from Europe, where Gloria's latest picture was made. "Mike" had a part in the film.

GEORGE RAFT, who refused to play in "Shame of Temple Drake," was the first to congratulate Jack LaRue, who fell heir to the rôle intended for Raft.

The strange thing about that part is this: It might have ruined Raft, but it is likely to boost LaRue to feature rôles. The reason is simply that the rôle is that of a heavy, and Raft has been heretofore built up in semi-sympathetic parts. His following, according to George, would not have liked him in the picture. But because of the widespread publicity that followed Raft's refusal to play the rôle, LaRue becomes prominent merely by accepting it.

"SLIM" SUMMERVILLE opines that the reason the Friday night prize fights are no longer popular in Hollywood is that people have taken up bridge —now they do their own fighting.

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S husband, Neil Miller, works in the advertising department of a Los Angeles department store . . . Chester Conklin, screen funny man, and his wife have gone to the divorce mill . . . Clara Bow has never been up in an airplane and vows she will never fly . . . Joan Bennett may enter a new business, interior decorating; if so, it is to be a sideline to her movie career . . . Janet Gaynor still owns a pair of white rabbits given to her by a fan at Easter, 1929 . . . Ann Harding took a voluntary 90-day salary suspension, giving the studio that long to find new stories for her next screen appearances . . . Popularity of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" calls for an encore; they will co-star in "Nora" . . . Following salary cuts, a surprising number of stars ride in small cars, leaving expensive limousines for special occasions . . . Buster Keaton is on a personal appearance tour in Mexico.

IT WOULD be cruel to mention her name, but she is an exotic star who in the past has played vamps but more recently is seen in sympathetic rôles.

With her new fame, this actress, who is not so young as she once was, has acquired a "stand-in"—a double to stand for her while lights are adjusted.

This "double," unfortunately, looks very much like the actress, except that she is younger and prettier. At the beginning, the star was pleased with the idea, but gradually it dawned on her that the lovelier young person was winning all the eyes on the set. The climax happened one day when she overheard two electricians talking. One man said, "The double should be the star of this picture; she's much prettier than Miss X."

Now a new stand-in has replaced the first, and this new person is older and slightly homely.

EL BRENDEL'S classic remark that rollicked Hollywood is: "For Lent, I gave up four weeks' pay."

(*Continued on page 68*)

Karen Morley and Walter Huston indulge in some prophetic acting in "Gabriel Over the White House," an unusual drama of American politics fifty years from now. Huston plays the President of the United States, no less!

Ben Lyon joins the ranks of screen newspapermen, with Claudette Colbe[illegible] deeds, in "[illegible] Cover the Wate[illegible] Miller, wi[illegible]

"What if he should tire of me?"—

From Aileen Pringle's Fan Mail

ful. Yesterday was our second wedding anniversary. We're happily married —but what if he should tire of me? If I could keep always youthfully lovely like you—

Aileen Pringle's Answer:

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your *skin* young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

OF the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fragrant white soap—why not begin today to use it for *your* skin? Why not make *your* skin as smooth and radiantly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly for a month. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

Janet going Gallic? Or Teutonic? Here's a German beer garden scene with the French Henry Garat in "Adorable."

(*Continued from page 66*)

A NICE movie close-up to Jean Harlow, who took a big salary cut without a murmur. Later Jean said to friends, "All I have, I owe to the motion picture industry. If half of my salary will help the business even a little bit, I am glad to oblige."

But the longest long-shot—and the back of his ears at that—to Charles Bickford, who not only refused to take the cut but refused to listen to reasons why he should.

And a nice close-up to Dorothy Wilson. Learning to skate, for reducing purposes, she was rolling along a sidewalk when she noticed a little boy watching her sadly. She stopped to talk, and discovered that he had never owned a pair of skates because his family was too poor. Dorothy removed her new pair and gave them to the boy then and there.

Another long-shot, with bad lighting, to Sidney Fox, who left a Los Angeles boy with the impression that she would marry him on her return from Europe, but who married a New Yorker without so much as a telegram to warn "the boy back home." He learned of her marriage through newspapers.

Also, a lovely close-up for Anna Q. Nilsson, a former star now on the stage. As star performer in "Hedda Gabbler," Miss Nilsson donated the entire proceeds of one of her opening performances to the fund for California earthquake victims.

THAT Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., separation? Well, some say it's temporary; others hazard the guess that it will prove permanent. From this watchtower we're inclined to subscribe to the latter opinion.

WELL, the much-heralded Robinson baby, to greet which Eddie rushed through a picture in record time and sped to New York, arrived safely. It's a boy, and the Robinsons have duly named him Edward, Jr. Mrs. Robinson is Gladys Lloyd, film actress, who has played supporting rôles in her husband's pictures.

WHEN "King Kong," the giant ape picture, was previewed at a Los Angeles theatre, members of the audience stared aghast at the huge beast that paraded the screen and desolated cities there.

At last a too-smart boy in the front section of the theatre voiced a lowly opinion of the entire proceedings. "Aw, that's another of them movie fakes," he said. "There ain't no animal like that!"

MANY odd situations arose as a consequence of the bank holidays in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, home cities of the stars. Because many of the screen famous are accustomed to earning and spending money quickly, they were particularly bewildered when they found themselves unable to put their hands on ready cash.

Gary Cooper had a hundred dollar bill, but could not get it changed. He therefore had to sign checks everywhere, or do without.

Fredric March, driven to desperate measures, opened the bank of his newly adopted son. Ben Lyon opened the bank of Barbara Bebe, his daughter. Both men, according to reports, prospered as a result of their "bank robberies."

Ely Culbertson, two days before the bank closings, gave an autographed one-dollar bill to his favorite waitress at the R-K-O studio cafe. A few days after the bank closing he recalled the gift and offered the girl a check for the bill. Alas, she had also felt the need of money and had spent her autographed souvenir!

Several screen stars who had planned extensive train or boat trips were forced to forego their plans because of a lack of cash. One star with nearly forty thousand dollars in one bank was caught with less than two dollars in his pockets.

Hollywood never fails to supply a laugh, even for the most serious situations. Tom Geraghty, writer, commented: "Now I understand why so many folks adopted babies—it's a cinch to rob a baby's bank, and a baby seldom knows how much he has!"

NO FEATHERS flew when Janet Gaynor, Fox starlet, met for the first time Lilian Harvey, English star now with Fox.

They were, in fact, like a couple of kids. They took off their shoes and stood back to back, measuring heights. They are identical in that respect—five feet and one inch small.

Even a director gets tired! That's [illegible] who envied Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Aline McMahon in [illegible] positions of ease while making "Gold Diggers of 1933," and decided to rest up. This unique studio picture shows the important part played by the lights in [illegible] "angle" shots.

CROSS-WORD puzzles and jig saws having had their run of popularity in Hollywood, new games are now the fad—and unless I tell you, you would never guess what these games are.

Lotto and Keno! You played them when you were very, very young. The only difference is, Hollywood has turned them into betting games—a nickel a game. At that figure, not much can be won or lost during an evening; in fact, the record winning appears to be Joan Bennett's mark of three dollars and ten cents.

SO MUCH has been said pro and con about the salary cuts taken at the studios, I think it time the real facts be stated.

The slashes were done on a systematic basis. All studio employees receiving less than $50 per week were not affected. Those formerly being paid $51 to $75 weekly were cut 25%, but in no case to less than $50. Salaries of from $76 to $100 weekly were slashed 35%, but to no less than $65. All workers receiving more than $100 weekly (including stars, directors and players) were cut 50% with a $75 minimum wage.

The magnitude of such reductions in weekly checks is more easily understood when star salaries are taken into consideration. At one studio, for example, several stars receive more than $5000 weekly, and each accepted a cut of at least $2500 a week.

As this is written, the wage cut is for only eight weeks, but there is every expectation that producers will attempt to bring about a general salary reduction, not so drastic as the above-quoted figures, for the future.

AND did Ely Culbertson, on the eve of his departure from Hollywood, embarrass Nancy Carroll!

Said Nancy, in the presence of a group of people, "I think bridge is a waste of time."

Responded Culbertson, with the same group listening: "Bridge *is* a waste of time—for some people."

OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: "The latest pictures are full of fine performances by lesser players," writes Lee Hargrove of Los Angeles, Cal. "Ruth Donnelly in 'Hard To Handle,' Aline MacMahon in 'Silver Dollar,' and Jobyna Howland in 'Rockabye,' for examples."

Rose Badali, president of the Dolores Del Rio Fan Club, 4418 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Our local club members attended 'Bird of Paradise' in a body, and did we like the picture! Most of us saw it several times more. We love Dolores, and she has done many nice things for her club and its members."

Writes Blanche Svehla, president of the "Galaxy of Stars Club," 3215 S. Ridgeway Ave., Chicago, Ill.: "The arrival of Warner Brothers' special train which brought Bette Davis, Bebe Daniels, Tom Mix, Glenda Farrell, and others was amazing. The stars paraded, and believe it or not, it was impossible for them to step from their cars, because the crowd was so great."

"There are many actors who appear in a great number of pictures and usually in small parts, who become familiar to, and liked by regular moviegoers. Evidently these players remain too unimportant for notice in magazines." So laments "Nyki" Werle, president, Jean Harlow Club, 217 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bill L. Welch, president of the Una Merkel Fan Club, 659 S. Nettleton Ave., Springfield, Mo., writes: "Every fellow has one actor on the screen whom he would like to be like. I prefer Joel McCrea. He has personality, appears to be clean-cut, and gosh!—is he built?"

(*Continued on page 89*)

"Isn't he *thrilling?*"

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Joan Talks about Sister Constance

Continued from page 17

she'd red-apple people—but she won't. She never asks producers and directors to her parties for what they can do for her. Most of the executives with whom she's friendly are people not even connected with her company."

Joan thought about Constance some more and then burst out enthusiastically. "Of course, the greatest asset Constance has is her charm and personality. She has a faculty for creating an aura of glamor about her wherever she is. And her personality is so pronounced that she automatically becomes the centre of attraction—no matter where she may happen to be.

"Then, there is that perfectly gorgeous sense of humor. I don't know anyone who can see humor in a thing as quickly as Constance."

Twilight fell and the shadows lengthened. The fire cast a ruddy glow over the room. It was the most beautiful time of the day. Work was over and the night's gaiety hadn't started. It was the hour when people relax and rest and dream.

"I think," Joan said softly, "if you were to ask me to name the one thing about Constance I love most I'd say it is her sense of sympathy and understanding. Once, before Gene and I were married, I was in love with another man. We fought and made up until I was ashamed. My friends used to kid me unmercifully about it. And every time we'd have a tiff they'd pull that wise smile and say, 'Oh, you'll make up with him again' and I'd feel humiliated over having to face them when we *had* become reconciled. So I used to meet him in places where my friends wouldn't see us together and all that sort of thing.

"But Constance understood my feelings. Once she said to me, 'Darling, don't cheapen yourself that way. If you love him that's the only thing that matters. And don't you care what people say or think. It's immaterial how many times you quarrel. After you've been apart if you find you still care for him, go ahead and make up with him. It's nobody's business but yours. And these friends of yours who tease you about it—they're not the ones who go around carrying an aching heart. If they were, they'd be singing a different tune.' "

Joan's voice trailed off and a silence fell over us. The fire made dancing shadows on her face—in her hair. Joan sitting there made one of the loveliest pictures I've ever seen. I wondered vaguely how it is possible for two sisters to be as glamorous as those two and yet be so totally different.

Where Constance is a shrewd business woman, Joan is practically helpless. Where Constance dominates any group in which she happens to find herself, Joan with equal looks, intelligence, wit and charm, shrinks into a corner, and her *mots*, which frequently top Constance's, are either lost or fall on the ears of only the people immediately around her.

Constance receives credit for starting many fads. Joan has started just as many but, being retiring by nature, says nothing, and other people copy them and receive credit for the innovations.

It's amazing that two people can exert such a charm in such different ways.

Irrelevantly, a verse of Service's popped into my head:

"Now, suppose you must wed and
make no blunder,
And either would love you and let
you win her,
Which of the two would you
choose, I wonder—"

I wonder, too. I think I'd be a Mormon!

The busy Morgan brothers, Frank and Ralph, get together for a session at backgammon. Both are stage actors [illegible] both have already done outstanding work in films. Frank appeared in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"; Ralph's latest is "The Road to Heaven."

Play to Win!

Play to win admiration, love—the most fascinating game of all. Be active outdoors—but above all—be dainty—for simple daintiness is the essence of feminine charm! Be sure dark hair doesn't blemish white arms, mar cheeks, or show thru stockings. Banish it with Marchand's. Make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes. The Safe, Inexpensive way.

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Also Restores Golden Beauty to Faded Blonde Hair!

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Name.....

Address.....

News about Norma Shearer!

Continued from page 25

he needs me now when he is not well. It would never occur to me to do other than be with him.

"Naturally I hope that my career will not suffer. I left the screen once before for nine months, you remember. Then I had a baby to show for my absence. I wish that I would have one to show for this absence, too.

"Unfortunately, that will not be the case. But I hope to bring a well husband back with me.

"I'm afraid I've grown rather philosophical about the things that affect my career. Theoretically, it is splendid for a woman to combine marriage and a career.

"But practically, it is impossible for either not to suffer somewhat because of the other.

"I think I have been a good wife and mother. Yet I know that I have not been as good a wife and mother as I could have been had I not had my work.

"On the other hand, I have been lucky in achieving success on the screen. But I realize that I have neglected some phases of my work because I have been working at a successful marriage, too.

"For instance: When I am making a picture, my marriage suffers. I have to leave the house early in the morning and it is late in the evening when I reach home. I have time to catch only a glimpse of the baby before he goes to sleep and I am usually too tired to be much of a companion for Irving.

"Between pictures, I become completely the wife and mother. I don't go to the studio for interviews, I don't have photographs made, I don't start fitting costumes for my next picture until the last minute. My work is neglected because I am being a wife!

"Women have become far more facile than they used to be in handling both matrimony and a career. But it is not true that they can be perfect in both at the same time."

Smiling as she spoke, at that moment I think she was more Mrs. Thalberg than Miss Shearer. She is a smaller person that she appears on the screen and more lovely. She is not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word—yet I think that she, more than any other actress (with the possible exception of Garbo), has created a new standard of beauty.

With few of the stereotyped, chiseled attributes of traditional beauty, she has educated the motion picture public (and that means all of us, doesn't it?), to an appreciation of flawless skin, of lustrous, meticulously-groomed hair, of correct carriage, of grace. There is nothing exotic or foreign about her. She exudes a glowing, shining cleanliness, a beauty of intelligence—and so has come to be acclaimed one of the most beautiful women of this generation.

On the day of our long talk, she was wearing red pajamas with tiny white dots, a long matching coat, an Ascot tie folded trimly beneath her chin. She wore very little powder, no mascara or eye-shadow but lots of lipstick. Her finger-nails were tinted a pale conventional pink but her toes, which twinkled through the straps of white sandals, were tipped in bright vermilion.

I remarked the contrast.

"Contrasts are what make life interesting," she explained. "My life has been a series of contrasts—I like them.

"Look out that window," she commanded, gesturing toward the broad vista of Central Park spread out so far below. "Over there on Ninth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street is the furnished room in which my mother, sister and I lived when we first came to New York from Montreal.

"Quite different from this—but it's only a mile across the park.

"Last night I could hear the elevated trains rattling in the distance, as in those days they used to screech just outside our windows. The underlying currents of life are the same whether we have much or little. I can never forget that some day that mile across the park—that difference between that life and this—might be erased."

She spoke seriously yet there was no shadow of fear in her eyes. Not because her words were idle prophecies of a future she considered impossible—rather, because while not really expecting such a catastrophe, should such a fate be in store for her Norma Shearer would meet it with courage and strength—and a smile.

For it is her courage that has been mistaken for calculating materialism. She has had the strength of character to work for those things she has desired. And she has been misunderstood.

Just as her dignity has earned for her the accusation of being cold. Norma Shearer is innately well-bred. One would never think of asking her the personal intimate questions that may be addressed to some stars. Because one realizes that she would turn the trend of the conversation into safer channels—courteously but firmly.

Not because she dared not answer. But because she would consider it ill-bred and in poor taste to discuss with anyone her personal affairs.

She is aware of the fact that even her marriage to Irving Thalberg (a love-match if ever there were one), has been thought a triumph of acumen, the result of careful planning. On the whole, this amuses her, because she is the first to admit that her career *has* been characterized by lucky breaks as well as by hard work. She considers her marriage the most fortuitous circumstance of all, though many are apt to forget that at the time of her union with Mr. Thalberg she was already a star in her own right.

Here's dainty little Heather Angel, English ingénue who makes her American film début in Fox's "Pilgrimage." Heather plays a French girl in the picture—which makes it, all in all, quite an international event!

Further discussion was interrupted by a commotion in the hall, and a trimly-garbed nursemaid brought in the son and heir of the house, red-cheeked and starry-eyed from a ride on a pony in the park.

"Oh, Bobby, I was on a pony and a merry-go-round, too," he threw his arms around his mother's neck. She looked at me over his head. "Bobby is his name for me," she explained.

"Can I have some champagne now?" Irving, Jr., inquired. Miss Shearer nodded to the nurse, who promptly withdrew and returned bearing a bottle of White Rock. This was poured into a champagne glass and young Mr. Thalberg clasped his sturdy fingers around it and lifted it to his baby mouth.

Strong, husky, with fair blonde hair and blue eyes, he looks just as Norma looked when she was a baby. He adores his mother whom he considers a great athlete.

"His father is a much better story-teller than I am," Miss Shearer explained. "So, realizing that I could never hope to hold my son's respect along intellectual lines, I decided that I would have to make him think of me as great in some other accomplishment.

"So, I turn cartwheels for him and walk on my hands. He thinks I'm a wonderful acrobat now—but I'm worried about how I'll retain his respect when he grows old enough to appreciate the exact extent of my skill!"

Another noise in the hall proclaimed the arrival of Charles MacArthur, the playwright and husband of Helen Hayes, come to call upon Mr. Thalberg.

"Oh, is that Charlie?" young Irving noted the familiar voice, having become quite friendly with the MacArthur family during the cruise from California, on which both families were present.

"What's Charlie's other name?" his mother reproved him gently.

Young Irving thought for a moment. Then, his face brightened. "Charlie Old Kid!" he announced with a triumphant smile.

Miss Shearer managed to maintain a frozen countenance until the nurse could take the child from the room. Then she broke into peals of laughter.

In her relation toward her son, Norma is strictly normal, adopting neither an attitude of gushing sentimentality for publicity purposes, or strained reticence and non-communicativeness—for the same reasons.

She seeks neither to capitalize her motherhood, nor to shrink from discussing it. Her love for her son is obviously deep—but she does not go through motions of adoration for the benefit of any who may observe.

On the other hand, she does not try to keep him in the background nor make a secret of her affection. In other words, she acts just as any normal mother with a small and only son, would act.

But about this, too, she has theories.

"I do not think a wife should cease to be a wife and become all mother. Irving and I both adore our child. But we do not talk about him all the time. We still like each other, too, you know.

"When evening comes and the baby is put to bed, I try to become the wife of Irving Thalberg, not just the mother of his child. In fact, that is the most important thing in my life—being the wife of my husband.

"I suppose one of the reasons I can so readily reconcile myself to my vacation from the screen is that for the past five years, Irving has been my greatest inspiration and incentive to work," she reverted to the topic of our original conversation. "It would seem strange working without his advice and assistance, now."

Program for a Successful Summer

Right ahead, now, lie the welcome months of outdoor living; days of sunshine, nights of great stars. Make it a happy season. Maybe long, quiet trails will lure your roadster into a new land. You'll study travel maps and little inn folders; you'll adore the gay new fabrics for pretty frocks; but *most of all* you'll want to make sure of a lovely, *young-looking, natural complexion.*

And *that's* where Coty can so capably help you. Coty offers powder *texture so smooth* that it *amazes* new users. You ought to *feel* and *examine* it—you'll be *surprised* at such *fineness.* In Summer, with active exercise and increased temperature, you can apply your Coty *powder*—and enjoy the serene content of *knowing* that your face doesn't *look "powdered."*

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Femi-nifties

News and views of feminine do-dads and doings—and the truth about cosmetics!

By Katharine Hartley

"Arms and legs must be neat as a pin—and just as hairless."

HOW would you like to have your skin examined under a miscroscope — the "Dermascope" they call it up at the Marinello salon. You can't hide a thing from that gadget, what with its little electric light, and the keen observing eyes of a trained operator going over you like a fine-tooth comb. I fidgeted when they submitted me to the examination. I might fool some of the people some of the time, but that Dermascope spotted more dirt, and more defects, than my mirror ever told me about. But when it was all over I was glad to know the worst. For if you know what you're up against, you know what to do about it. At least the Marinello girl told me. She wrote it all out for me, just like a doctor making out a prescription.

My pores were quite clogged—(in spite of the three or four daily cleansings I give my skin)—and the "doctor" said I needed an actual scrubbing. Soap and water and a real honest-to-goodness brush. Well, I've tried it, with a special little facial brush. And it's working. Already the pores are beginning to look cleaner, and smaller. Of course not every skin could stand the brush business, but it's worth looking into, if your skin is not too tender. It gives you quite a tingly feeling, and makes you look *layers* cleaner. Incidentally, this "Dermascope" examination, and a beauty prescription, are free at Marinello salons.

It's surprising how many really young women are troubled with loose flabby skins these days. It's the sad result of strenuous dieting, too much fussing with the face — improper massage, nervous pulling of the face muscles, twitching, etc. There's an excellent Muscle Tightener made by Helena Rubenstein that will help overcome this. And even you "drys" can use it with safety—for it's not the least bit drying. It's very effective for that under-chin droop, too. And help it along with a brisk patting motion, slapping the chin lightly, rhythmically, with the back of your hand. A pat in time saves a double chin line!

"You can't hide a thing from that gadget."

Well, summer's rolling around again, and with it that old problem, "I've simply got to do something about my hair." We go without hats, sometimes without a wave, even—if time's short between dips in the sea. Summer sports and activities play plenty of havoc with sleek coiffures. You've just got to depend more on the natural beauty of your hair. And if that natural beauty is there but hiding, try Olea Combined Oil Treatment and Shampoo to coax it out in the sunlight again. It not only cleanses beautifully, but leaves your hair glossy and satin-smooth.

"A pat in time saves a double-chin line."

And say, that summer problem of having to do something about hair, has two meanings. Hair on arms and legs is simply taboo these days. Lolling on the beach, or dashing around and about tennis courts in the smart new shorts is no fun at all, if arms and legs aren't neat as a pin—and just as hairless. X-Bazin depilatory is an old favorite in Hollywood — any place, in fact where smart women gather. It's blossoming forth this year in a brand new package. A swell product—and inexpensive!

Am I tickled? I've always liked to have several different perfumes on hand, so I could change from one to another as often as my fickle nose desired. But it was sort of a problem—one of those well-known budget problems—until Roger and Gallet came out with their 50¢ purse-size bottles. If you're a *Feu Follet* fanatic—you can buy it now in this convenient small size—as well as all the other distinctive Roger and Gallet fragrances. Is that good news? I'll say it is

---

You wo[illegible] that such a [illegible] a lipstick could [illegible] furore. Bu[illegible] that has. It's [illegible]

(*Continued* on [illegible]

"Rub and rub till you work the lather in."

The Pearl of Great Price

Continued from page 33

claims is the downfall of most comedians, and he will never get over the thrill of acting.

Jack Pearl has had good times and bad, experiencing all the adventures of any actor: tank towns, dismal failures, the death of his mother on the eve of one of his "Follies" performances. He went on, funnier than ever, with only two people out front knowing what was going on inside. Those two were Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. When the final curtain went down, Norma blew him a kiss.

Gus Edwards, the man who trained Walter Winchell, Eddie Buzzell, Georgie Jessel, and Eddie Cantor, gave Jack Pearl his first offer in a chorus of boys' voices at $12 a week. At that time Jack, who was fifteen, thought dialect was something you did to lose weight! His only talent was a squeaky soprano voice that was due to change to baritone any day. Jack held out for $15. Edwards decided he had too many young tenors anyway, so Jack went back to the stock-room of the Shapiro publishing company.

A real chance came when Herman Timberg was organizing his "School Days" unit. With not a little persuasion and exaggeration of age and ability (that old Baron instinct must have been born in him), he got a "bit" part, and then the German comedian took sick. Pearl, who had been understudying every one's lines, with the hope that some day the break would come, stepped into this part with an extremely overdone accent. Since that day Jack Pearl has become a character comedian able to speak several different tongues. Vaudeville followed and then engagements in several Ziegfeld shows.

In a breathless interlude between performances of "Belle of New York," he met Winifred Desborough, fell in love with her. Today when someone calls for Mrs. Pearl at the studio, a slim woman turns her head, and reveals a pretty face and a contagious smile. Winnie Pearl, from the day she married Jack, has stood behind him, pushing, plugging, urging, understanding, cheering him when he gets melancholy, encouraging his ambitions. She is his sole confidante, through good times and bad.

"Whatever I go into, whether it's the stage, the radio, or the movies, I reach for the top," Jack answered frankly to our direct question about his own Hollywood prospects. "Please don't think I'm conceited or anything like that, but since I've been a boy I've always wanted to do the best, *be* the best. I don't want to make a lot of money on a picture by just living on my reputation. That's happened to others many times, and from there they went down. The movies will be another adventure, another phase of success or failure, and I've had my share of each. I would rather start inconspicuously with a few small pictures than one large flop. If I can make good pictures, then I'll stay in Hollywood indefinitely, with occasional excursions to the stage, my first love."

With this grim determination, and the warm heart that Jack Pearl possesses, we feel he'll make good. When his first picture is shown, we'll be there, Sharlie, we'll be there!

At this writing it looks as if Pearl will leave for Hollywood about May 1st to take part in the "All-Star Hollywood Revue," directed by Edmund Goulding.

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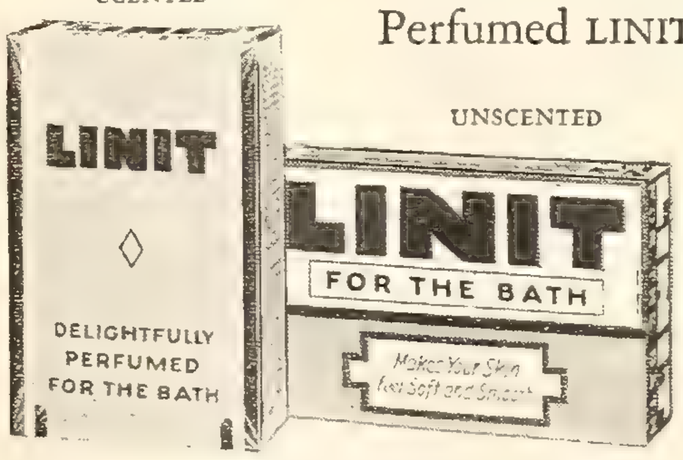

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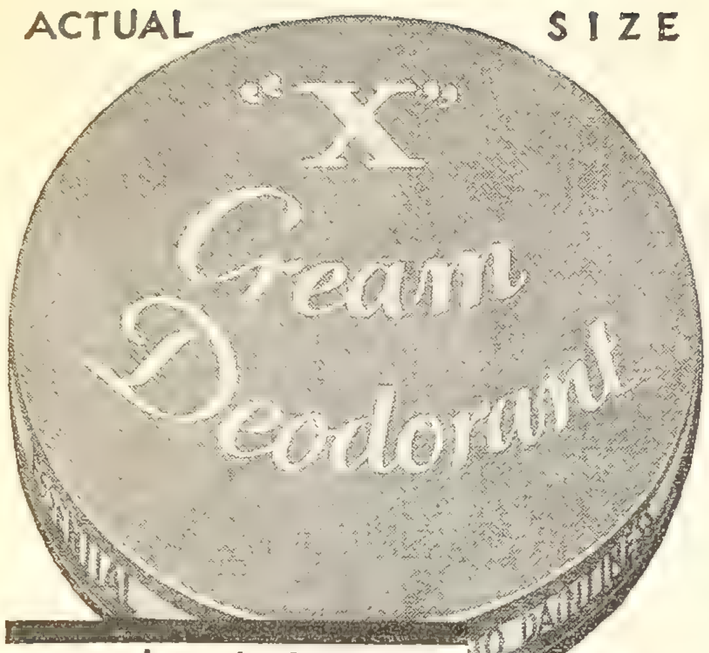

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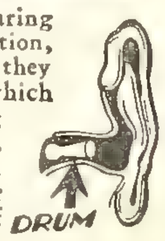

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 984, 70 5th Ave., New York

Little Jean Parker made her small rôle of the Czar's daughter in "Rasputin" stand out with her fresh, girlish simplicity of acting. You'll see her again before long in "Made on Broadway."

Amelia Earhart Looks at the Films

Continued from page 31

in film-making.

"One experience I had with the developing of story ideas I shall never forget. I was quoted in an interview in a California paper as saying that this is the Golden Age of ideas in the films, and that ideas were what I was pre-eminently interested in. Well, I *did* say that, and I meant it; but it seems that every single person who read it must have taken it to heart, for I was immediately deluged with a daily flood of letters of such proportions that my greatest problem was how to stick to my rule of answering every letter I receive. People are that way about the movies—always ready and eager to help, bless their little hearts! While practically everybody *intends* some day to write a stage play, everybody *does* actually write down what he, she or it thinks is a marvelous movie scenario."

Mr. Putnam then turned his attention to that popular American folk legend of the misused author in Hollywood. Himself the author of four books and numerous articles and short stories, as well as being a film executive and formerly a publisher of books, he is well qualified to view the matter from all angles. View it he does, and he knows what he thinks about it.

"I came into the movies from a world of writers. In fact," he added with a mischievous grin, "some of my best friends are authors. And the idea that authors are a temperamental, unreasonable race is grossly exaggerated. I think the modern author is quite as sensible, well-organized, and co-operative as any other type of craftsman.

"On the other hand, it's a lot of hooey to say that Hollywood production executives are a pack of tyrants who misunderstand and abuse the sensitive writers. Most of the picture people are honest, able and businesslike, strictly concerned with getting their jobs done and trying to make a dollar do a dollar's worth of work. They are tending more and more to squeeze eccentricity out of the industry and make production a common-sense business as well as an art. I am increasingly impressed with the earnest effort everywhere to get the production end of picture-making on a business basis and keep it there, come what may."

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam possess the distinction of being the only regular airplane commuters between Hollywood and New York. Every two months or so they make the trans-continental flight in Miss Earhart's Lockheed-Vega plane—the same one in which she made her historic solo flight to Europe—and with the same pilot! Mr. Putnam goes on business; Miss Earhart because she likes to.

"No, I'm not planning to act in any aviation pictures, or any other kind," she summed it up. "It isn't my sort of thing. I'm a transport flyer, and I'd better stick to my plane!"

Ruby Beats the Jolson Jinx

Continued from page 14

continued to be considered for this rôle and that, however, but every time some offer seemed about to be forthcoming Al would be off for New York or Europe and Ruby would go happily along, content to be with him and to let her career go hang.

So three full years went by with Ruby Keeler getting no nearer the screen than her infrequent visits to Al's increasingly infrequent productions.

There was talk of signing her to a contract to play a leading rôle in "Reaching for the Moon." That thrilled her a little because she still has an almost child-like awe of motion picture stars and the idea of working with Douglas Fairbanks was not to be dismissed lightly. Nothing came of it, however, when she and Al went off some place together again, leaving Hollywood to struggle along as best it might without the service of either of them.

Perhaps the chance to play in Jolson's only recent picture was the greatest temptation that came to Ruby before the "42nd Street" opportunity presented itself.

"I thought seriously about that part," Ruby says, "but I really knew all the time it wouldn't do. I would have been the only girl of importance in the cast. Al would have worried about me and I would have worried about me, too, for fear I couldn't do the part justice and so might spoil his picture.

"It just wouldn't work. Al is so nervous when he's making a picture. You've worked with him. You know how it is."

A proposed rôle in a Fox picture, the name of which Ruby has already forgotten, really paved the way for her eventual appearance on the screen. For that rôle and for a United Artists studio rôle, Ruby had made recent tests although she had finally turned the offers down. She mentioned this fact to Darryl Zanuck, an executive of the Warner studios, when she found herself seated next to him at the fights. It was the night of the day in which she had rejected these opportunities. Zanuck, who was just then planning the production "42nd Street," asked if he might see the tests and said that he might have a part for her.

Somewhat to Ruby's surprise, Al, who had always *seemed* willing to have her play a screen rôle, actually *was* willing this time and almost before she knew it she had signed a contract for a part in the "42nd Street" picture. In fact the contract was signed at a dinner table.

Although she knew nearly everyone in the film colony, Ruby knew almost nothing about studios. She had visited Al on the set occasionally when she first came to Hollywood but she never stayed to watch him work after she learned that her presence made him nervous before the cameras and microphones.

She came to the studio that first day strictly "on her own." She entered the front door—all contract players ordinarily drive on to the lot—and started out courageously from there to learn her way about. She looked frail and a little frightened and she was as nervous as Al Jolson has ever thought of being.

She was nervous throughout the first half of the making of the picture, too. She was shy and apparently entirely over-awed by the celebrated members of the cast who worked with her. They tried to be friendly but it was several weeks before they could make much progress.

Al, whose own temperament had kept

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ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

writes a most unusual article for the June

SILVER SCREEN

"There is one quality that every star must have," says Adela Rogers St. Johns. "Not beauty, not youth, not sex appeal - - - I have never known a star without it!"

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Ruby off the screen so long, proved himself a real trouper in this instance by staying away most of the time. He gave no advice and paid few visits to the "42nd Street" set. Even "Jimmy," Jolson's friend and driver, probably gave the scared little actress more suggestions than did her actor husband.

Jolson was in Hollywood all the time Ruby was at work on that first picture. When the company worked at night he called for her. At all other times one of the big Jolson cars was just at hand for her use. But aside from these attentions Ruby was just Miss Keeler, not Mrs. A. Jolson, to everybody concerned with the picture.

When Ruby came west again to make her second picture, "Gold Diggers of 1933," Al Jolson stayed behind in the east to complete a series of radio broadcasts for which he had been contracted. Two of Ruby's four sisters came with her this time and kept her company, both at home and at the studio.

But Ruby had lost much of her nervousness and all of her awe. She made friends with this second all-star cast rapidly. She ate no more lonely lunches, such as she had eaten so often during the making of "42nd Street." If her inferiority complex was not gone it was at least materially reduced.

Al Jolson's nerves would no longer keep her off the screen. The girl who valued her married happiness too highly to risk even a little bit of it by starting her screen career in her husband's pictures, had finally made good on her own initiative and in her own name.

Her three years of voluntary retirement had not been in vain.

Funny Man—Smart Contract

Continued from page 51

developed business bump. What proves that beyond the question of a doubt is his contract. It's one of those trick contracts—but, just for once, the tricks aren't stacked against the player. Paramount has jumped a few hurdles.

For one thing—while nearly everyone has a thirty-day option, Charlie has a ninety-day option. If something's about to happen he'll be on his way to bigger and better things before anyone else even knows that Santa is sick.

And then, my children, I'll let you in on a funny one. Every biography released by Paramount calls attention to the fact that not the least of Charlie Ruggles' many charms is the fact that he is an "immaculate dresser." At times he is alluded to as "among the best dressed men in Hollywood," or one is told, with great intensity,

Benita Hume, beautiful actress from England, has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro. She'll appear with Lionel B[illegible]more, Colin Clive, and Elizabeth Allan in a picture tentatively call[illegible] "Service."

by the Paramount staff, that he "sets the pace for fashions in Hollywood."

I mentioned this little fact to Beau Brummel—who smiled his nice, rather wistful smile, and then let go into rather more robust mirth. He confided that he wore a dress suit in a picture recently for just a split second. The director mentioned the fact to him the night before "shooting," and asked that he wear it in the next morning.

Charlie *didn't* say "Oh, yeah?" He just said—"If you want me to wear one you'll have to buy it for me." And, of course, they did. You see one of Charlie's many little clauses reads: "All wardrobe furnished by Paramount." Paramount pays and Charlie wears. They get their money's worth by letting it be known just what a snappy dresser their head comedian is! But Charlie, remember, wears the clothes. He's funny—but his contract isn't!

Perhaps Eddie Cantor, who played in support of Charlie so many years ago, had something to do with all this. I think Charlie learned from the droll Cantor that keeping at a thing will get it for you. Charlie recalled Cantor's utter faith in himself—when there was nothing to believe in but work.

"I had the darndest, funniest car," Charlie reminisced, "it was one of those high, low-powered gadgets that made one feel prosperous—and, above all, *so* sedate. I would cross the pavement from the stage door to the car with great dignity—which was pretty hard for me—and, with a flourish, I would open the door and climb into the seat. No laughing now—everything must be very serious and very grand. I would keep my eyes discreetly front as I waited for Eddie to jump in the open door and sit beside me so that we might regally drive off. With a great to-do his legs would flash past my face and he'd slide down, in some inexplicable manner, from the back of the car, right into his seat. Then he'd roll those famous eyes and slam the door. What was there to do but to burst out laughing—with all the grandness gone! Eddie's greatest joy would be to stand on the tracks in front of street cars. After ringing the bell frantically the conductor would get out to talk to this mad man who was waving his arms and making wild gestures. When traffic was thoroughly congested and the conductor approached, Eddie would pocket his weaving hands and proceed quietly on his way—to everyone's bewilderment.

"But there was never a moment in Eddie's really many serious talks with me, when he didn't believe, militantly, that he was going to be somebody. That thought has never left me. His complete faith in his ability was infectious and memorable."

You probably know that he's the handball champ of the United States, that he played his last rôle on the stage here in 1928—and would love another engagement—in fact, three or four New York producers wired offers to him this season—among them the comedian's rôle in "Flying Colors." But his Paramount contract won't permit. He loves the screen—but his heart is with the stage. He is delightfully hail-fellow-well-met, disarmingly frank, and extremely well able to gauge what the public wants—and shrewd enough to give it to them. He is fanatical in his belief that actors' wives, children, husbands—if they have any—should be kept out of professional life—he subscribes completely to the "glamor school." He doesn't believe in debunking—and he doesn't attempt to debunk. He's a natural optimist, with his tongue in his cheek; he's the wide-eyed innocent who casually drops a *bon mot* worthy of Oscar Wilde—and, above all, he's a "dumb actor" who has the swellest contract in Hollywood!

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Bette—Before and After

Continued from page 55

Cushing Academy in Massachusetts, and had been in love with ever since.

This gave both girls a chance to tell just what had happened all over again, without repeating. Just how Miss Le Galliene had looked in vain for a suitable dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice," and Miss Friebus had suddenly thought to herself, "Why shouldn't I do it?" and had sat down and done most of it. And just how "Ham" had come out to Hollywood to see Bette after all these years, just as she was being sent away on one of these personal appearance tours. And how she had rushed back and swept him off his feet and married him, in spite of all objections. And had been happy ever since. And how they live in a house in North Hollywood, and have a maid named Celestine, and a chauffeur who now has a cap to show his office, and whom they hope soon to provide with a complete uniform. Bette's business manager allows her $25 a week spending money, so she hopes soon to have the uniform money!

Celestine watches her mistress' figure like a cat to see that she does not put on an extra pound. When there is company and she passes the bread and potatoes and dessert a second time, she goes right by Bette without offering her any. So you can see there is a household without a servant problem.

"I want to do 'Alice.' What is my long neck for—if not to do 'Alice'?" it dawned on Bette as she sat in the spotlight in the center of a huge divan. And who, I ask you, would make a better "Alice in Wonderland" than Warner's new star? It has never been well done for pictures.

It might be interesting to note that with Bette's Hollywood experience has come more poise, a greater ability to carry off a big scene in life brilliantly, than she had in the cozy little sitting room of the fourth-floor front at "47 West 48." There, if there had been interviewers, she would have probably have let her mother do most of the managing.

No girl on the screen, probably, has had a more devoted mother than Bette Davis. Nor has been better "conditioned" for success.

Mrs. Davis began when her daughters were little girls to make opportunities for them. She sent them, when Bette was ten, to the famous Crest Alban School in the Berkshires, which was in the home of Abbott Thayer, the painter, and where she was taught to mend her stockings and cook as well as to appreciate art and spell. The children here were required to play outdoors two hours every day, no matter what the temperature. This, Bette says, prepared her to stand the beating she met in Hollywood. Later they went to other schools including Cushing Academy, which was a sensible, wholesome country school.

Mrs. Davis was on the staff of the fashionable Bennett School for a time. Later she learned photography, and used it as an entering wedge into a summer camp where Bette could study dancing with Roshanara. And it was she, as I have said before, who marched Bette to the office of a dramatic school in New York. In this case it was the school of John Murray Anderson.

"I haven't any money now, but you'll get it every month," she said. Mr. Anderson agreed to take Bette.

Mrs. Davis was working in a photographic shop in South Norwalk, Connecticut, at the time. And, as it worked out, she only had to pay for lessons for six months. At the end of that time Bette was awarded a scholarship that covered the rest of her year's lessons.

Mrs. Davis always had a deep intuition that Bette would some day make a name on the screen. When they lived in the house I did Mrs. Davis would often say to Bette as they passed a motion picture lobby display, "Some day your picture will be there. I know it will." And yet when Bette first went to Hollywood, they could not really believe it was true.

Bette's mother was just as much like an excited child about everything in New York as was her daughter. She was having more leisure than she had had for

On the up-and-up! Few young actresses have risen to picture prominence in so short a time as has beautiful blonde Gloria Stuart. She's prettier than ever in "Private Jones," with Frank Morgan and Nancy Carroll.

Summer incarnate! That's Betty Furness, in her knitted sports suit, her white sailor hat, her tennis racquet and her sunny smile. Watch for Betty in "Emergency Call," with Bill Boyd.

years, and she was thrilled with the big city.

The house was not at all the ordinary "boarding room" house. It had once been a luxurious dwelling, and had been remodeled by an interesting woman with social background and a family tree, into small apartments, furnished with really decent antique furniture.

While Bette was at work and busy with her friends, her mother and the "landlady" went gadding around, eating up movies, and pancakes and culture for which both of them had a great appetite. They joined a gymnasium class at Dr. Fosdick's church on Riverside Drive, and searched for bargains in clothes for "their child." When they found something nice, Bette went to look it over next day.

Bette was a good bargainer. But she did, I remember, have one burst of extravagance which kept her worried for days. She bought the article of clothing which she desired more than anything else—a double-skinned silver fox neckpiece. It cost $350 and the edge of her joy in it was at first taken off by the thought that she ought not to have paid so much for it. Her mother consoled her, though, as she always did—and Bette, persuaded that everything was all right, named her twin foxes "Romulus and Remus."

(And when just the other day I looked through her wardrobe to see what dresses she had brought with her on the "42nd St." trip, I found my old friends, "Romulus and Remus," hanging on a hook, beautiful still—though worn down in spots like a beloved and comfortable armchair!)

There was always something good to eat in the Davis' fourth floor front. Tea was an everyday ritual. And Mrs. Davis always had something hot to eat for Bette when she came home from the theatre.

At first I thought that there were children in the house, by the way the street door would burst open every now and then and a young tornado would rush the stairs, which went up athwart my door. They squeaked terribly, those stairs. We used to grumble about them, but it did not do any good to grumble because Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had bought the building for Radio City, and it was going to be torn down to make room for Roxy's new Radio City Theatre very soon.

But of course I later learned that they were young theatrical people—Bette was looked upon as one of the most promising young ingénues and knew many stage celebrities, as well as budding singers, brokers, fledgling lawyers, and the like. They would not have been at all pleased, I am sure, if they had known I had thought they were mere children.

They were a wholesome set of young moderns—absorbed in themselves, crazy about their work, so sure of their opinions!

As I said before there were always more boys than girls. Bette felt that most girls her own age were silly about boys, and it bored her. She herself could see that she would have to earn her living and carve out a career for herself. Boys understood that. She liked them but didn't want to marry every one she met. She didn't care a rap what they looked like—just so they were interesting and amusing. Anyway, she was in love with "Ham."

Bette's "gang" were especially fond of barging in for tea, because then Mrs. Davis would read their tea cups. It was marvelous, truly, what she could "see"—especially for Bette. She seemed to have extraordinary intuitions where her daughters were concerned. She used to say that she "saw" with her common sense—the teacups at least made it possible for her to give out a sound piece of good homely advice in the name of "fortune."

The game of tea-leaves gave Bette a great deal of entertainment, and kept her and her mother close together in many ways. Now that the sort of days have come to Bette that they used to dream of, they no longer have time for the tea-cups. Bette is usually busy in the afternoons, and Mrs. Bette and Bobby have returned to Massachusetts to live.

Before I close, I must tell you about the new gold hair of Bette's. The platinum shade she first achieved did not suit her. So she experimented and has now arrived, by the aid of a little henna, at a much more becoming color which she talks about with a lack of embarrassment which would doubtless have horrified those New England forebears.

And by the way—it was a famous director, not an unknown extra girl, who told Bette that if she ever wanted to make a dent in pictures she would have to change the subdued and refined tone of her natural ash-blonde locks. Not that it makes any difference *who* gives a smart girl a good tip!

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S-6

Double-Star Gazing

Continued from page 27

combination it is well to know they need each other and can be of mutual help. For she is high-strung, nervous, and alert, and needs his friendly comforting influence. For instance, a woman of this type might write a wonderful story, but he would insist on its being plausible; and if good, insist on its being copyrighted and protected. William Powell has often been cast as a lawyer or detective, simply because he has that "look-before-you-leap" quality of mind and body. His eyes are well paired with his wife's in general color and apparent ability to see clearly and reason out the meaning of what they see. Hers show the greater love of color. The fact that they both have eyes that tip up at the outer corners in a somewhat feline manner and show a bit of the white of the eye below the iris indicates that they both have that cat-like quality of loving to hide their real feelings while teasing and harassing the feelings of others just for fun. Their noses are both the well-shaped, wide-winged noses of people whose minds are ever hungry for new knowledge. Many great travelers have such noses, so I venture to say the Powells could and probably will travel a great deal and take a mutual delight in the bizarre and unusual things off the main routes of travel. Most actors and actresses have full, well-shaped mobile lips, and this talented couple illustrate this to perfection.

These are the mouths of eager, expressive, enthusiastic, convincing speakers who can sell themselves or their ideas to one or a multitude. There is nothing repressed or inhibited about this expressive Powell pair.

Of the two, her lips are the most suggestive of the extrovert. His lips are not quite so full so he probably enjoys his periods of quiet introspection and reflection with pipe and book quite as much as animated conversation. A somewhat darker complexion would confirm this delineation of his somewhat more angular features. If your better half shares this alternating personality, part of the time acting like an extrovert, and then again a studious introvert, try and synchronize your moods and double all possible companionship. Both these stars of the cinema world have the firm, well-set jaws to play the parts of most determined individuals with life-like conviction because they really have much more than average determination. If there is a difference, her back jaw is more angular so she is probably very hard indeed to coerce into any situation against her will.

Some highly sensitive people of Mrs. Powell's type are given this as a highly efficient defense mechanism. Just as some very large people stoop to be nearer the average and small people do everything in their power to appear taller so by the same token many highly nervous sensitive people act most obdurate for fear they will be over-ridden and ruled by brawnier, more robust people. If you share this firm trait use lots of diplomacy, for others may feel you are merely being stubborn.

Certainly if every married couple could see life as nearly through the same eyes as this pair of double stars there would be much more happiness for all. Like all clever people who are forced to live a very vivid active life, they have learned to appear much more sophisticated and unconcerned than they can really be at heart. My guess is that they both love to relax with their chosen few real intimates and be themselves.

At these times she probably loves to call a spade a spade with a most disarming smile. He is probably happiest when left most to his own resources. Certainly they are a most interesting modern couple like so many others with about as much available privacy as a pair of gold-fish.

Hollywood and all that it means is a veritable crucible of fusing and disfusing forces, so that couples that endure as couples and can continue to refer to each other as "my better half," have not only unusual minds but much heart and soul as well. Lovers will go on falling in love in Hollywood as in the rest of the world, but a little thought about their different natures might help both stars and star gazers to keep from falling out.

Going West!

Continued from page 52

sinning with a smile that has catapulted her into public favor. She sees the funny side of sex. She put the giggle in gigolo. And she is cashing in on it.

She gave me a vivid idea of how her plays were composed.

"I get an idea, see, then I get together a cast of actors, then we rent a rehearsal hall and rehearse. We go through the action the way it'll be after I get all the lines filled in. My secretary makes a note of everything, and before you know it, an act's set. Then we do two more and we have the show ready."

She thinks Hollywood is a nice place to hibernate, but she decries the absence of night life in the film belt.

She purchased the famous golden swan bed from Diamond Jim Brady, and when she can't find a spot for it in a play Mae keeps the bed in her country house. She has surrounded it with a roomful of gold furniture. "I never use that room," she said, "but it certainly looks swell."

Mae is not interested in matrimony. "I want to keep my mind on myself!" she explained succinctly. "Let them fall in love with me if they want to, but I don't fall in love with them. I got plenty to occupy me. Pictures, personal appearances, stage plays, books. I'm too busy to be in love with anybody."

While there will unquestionably be those who will look askance upon Mae West's advent into pictures as a minor blight, it is my belief that she will have a salutary effect upon films overdosed with the eternal sweetness and light dispensed by the Gaynors, the Novarros, and the Hardings. The West cycle of films promise to be lusty, forthright, rowdy productions aimed at the risibilities, and if "She Done Him Wrong" is any criterion, destined to wreck box-office records as they have rarely been wrecked heretofore.

As this is being written, Miss West has started to work on her third Paramount picture. After completing this and one more, *Diamond Lil* will be open for offers, first among which is RKO's princely bid

of $100,000 for a single picture. This is not publicity money: this is the good round sum RKO offers Miss West for the privilege of photographing her lavish charms in a series of poses designed to react vigorously upon the box-office.

Personally Mae is naïve, proud of her drawing power, (as well she may be), anxious to please. She is childlike in some respects, age-old in her knowledge of the world. To her colored maid she is a masterpiece of all the virtues; to the stagehands she is regular; to her public she is all things to all people. She has the magnetism over crowds that Texas Guinan has, that Aimee McPherson once had, and that Billy Sunday surely had in his palmiest days.

Mae met Billy while making "She Done Him Wrong." They posed at a property bar drinking property beer. And it is not unfair to guess that Mae was saying to Billy, "We've both done well, according to our lights."

Going Native!

Continued from page 53

Honolulu but thinks California a good second choice. Crabbe is a self-made college man—worked in a clothing store in the winter, and as a life-guard on a California beach in the summer.

Buster had to fight any number of handicaps on his first film venture. In one of his scenes with wild animals he was bitten severely by one of the beasts. Toward the end of the picture his appendix started acting up and caused him considerable discomfort and pain—to have paused for an operation would not only have delayed the picture, but would have caused Buster to appear in the later scenes with a scar that wasn't visible in the first scenes. So he went through with the job, as a good "Lion Man" should, and when the picture was finished he was allowed to have a nice operation for being a good boy.

Not only the public, but Paramount officials as well, liked Buster's first picture. Just to prove it, the company took up his option, and you'll be seeing his second picture, "Under the Tonto Rim," before long. Looks like he's here to stay.

Here's that famous huntsman, Gary Cooper, in his trophy room. Th head which you see over the fireplace is that of an African reed-buc Yes, Gary really shot it, as well as a lot of other big game.

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Confessions of Cupid

Continued from page 19

wooed many. He has poured love messages into the pink ears of Martha Sleeper, Frances Dee and Sally Blane. He was serious about Kate Smith for a while, and sent her six dozen roses at once, but that seems to be over. That fellow shouldn't be named *Scott;* his name should be *Scoot.*

"Jack Oakie is pretty well tied up with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; she even has him wearing dress clothes. When Jack was rushing Mary Brian, he managed to find time for occasional dates with other girls, but Peggy keeps his hands entirely filled. He has completely erased Grant Withers from Miss Joyce's life.

"Another tri-cornered romance seems to involve Lilian Harvey and her two most ardent suitors, Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch. This is a sort of League-of-Nations triangle—an English girl, a Frenchman, and a German.

"Sylvia Sidney will probably eventually middle-aisle with B. P. Schulberg, the producer, but not, needless to say, until his divorce is final. As for that Sandra Shaw and Bruce Cabot romance, which I was certain would end at the altar—Loretta Young has been cutting in. Geneva Mitchell has said the glad word to Lowell Sherman, but no date has been set. I'm positive Carl Laemmle, Jr., would love to I-do Eleanor Holm, but Papa Laemmle won't agree. However, there are no dissenting parents to throw cold water on the love between director Clarence Brown and lovely Alice Joyce, and they may be one before long.

"Frances Dee's torrid love for Gene Raymond struck ice, and lately she has been making eyes at Buster Crabbe. But Gene's no fool—he has been taking up the Loretta Young evenings that have not gone to Bruce Cabot.

"Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller may vow that they're not really in love, but their New York-to-Hollywood telephone and telegraph bills would do much to pay the national debt.

"With the Countess Frasso away, Gary Cooper wooed the popular Lilian Harvey temporarily, but he was frozen out by Chevalier and Lubitsch. Lately Gary has been rushing Wera Engels, but you need not get seriously excited about that. Gary is a play-boy.

"Among early weddings I anticipate

b and Madge together again! Good news for the legions of moviegoers o saw the Montgomery-Evans team perform so beautifully in "Lovers rageous" a season ago. Now they're co-starred in the submarine epic, "Hell Below."

Irene Rich and her two daughters, Jane and Frances, come up the companionway to salute you while on a cruise on the good ship Fella. *Miss Rich has been making a series of personal appearances during recent months—but watch for her return to the screen before long.*

are those of Dorothy Jordan, who threw Donald Dilloway over, to Merian C. Cooper, the producer; and Lila Lee to director George Hill. Lovely Benita Hume is engaged to marry Jack Dunfee, the London publisher and sportsman. I am hoping I may bring out my wedding chimes for Bert Wheeler and cute little Patsy Parker, and I have not ceased counting on a marriage for Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard."

"Why hasn't Myrna Loy ever fallen in love, Master Cupid?" I asked.

The naked archer smiled wisely. "Have you noticed how often she and Ramon Novarro have been seen together lately?" he said. "Watch out for those two. And if I'm able to make Bill Bakewell serious for a few minutes, he may whisper the divine words into Julie Haydon's ear.

"Wynne Gibson and Lyle Talbot are still playing the night clubs until the dawning hours. Right now Ginger Rogers is going places with Howard Hughes. For three years Isobel Jewel and Lee Tracy have been that way, but they simply won't be serious about making it permanent. What can I do with a couple like Isobel and Lee?

"I am not sure whether Madge Evans and Tom Gallery will be married before you can pass the good word along, but if they're not, it won't be long now. If you think that Gallery's ex-wife, Zasu Pitts, is carrying the torch, you are just crazy, for she may marry Frank Woodal, the tennis professional, before Madge and Tom can hasten to the altar.

"Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins may be hard-boiled on the screen, but together they are as soft and mushy as honeycombs. I am positive they'll marry. But then," said Cupid, sighing, "I was equally certain Alice White and Sidney Bartlett would wed, and look at them—split wider than the Grand Canyon, right now. I wish they'd make up.

"I am happy to report that Marie Prevost and Buster Collier have patched their troubles. Dorothy Lee has been rushed from her feet by that New York banker, L. LeMaistre, and something may come of their romance. I think you may expect wedding bells for director Gregory LaCava and charming little Dorothy Wilson, too. However, I don't believe the affair between Susan Fleming and Harpo Marx is actually serious."

With these last few remarks, Cupid closed his record book and shrugged his shoulders.

"That is practically all of interest *today,*" he said, emphasizing the last word. "Things happen so suddenly in Hollywood that tomorrow I may have a dozen new loves to report, and as many old ones thrown into the discard."

"Hollywood romances are unstable, I agree," was my answer. "Tell me, have you any advice for young romancers of the film capitol?"

"Just a few words," answered Daniel Joy Cupid. "Tell the girls that careers and marriages will not mix—that they must be Janet Gaynors and chance divorce, or else be Jobyna Ralstons and do as she did when she married Richard Arlen—retire and become wives."

"What advice for the men?" I begged him.

"None," laughed Cupid. "The women run the men."

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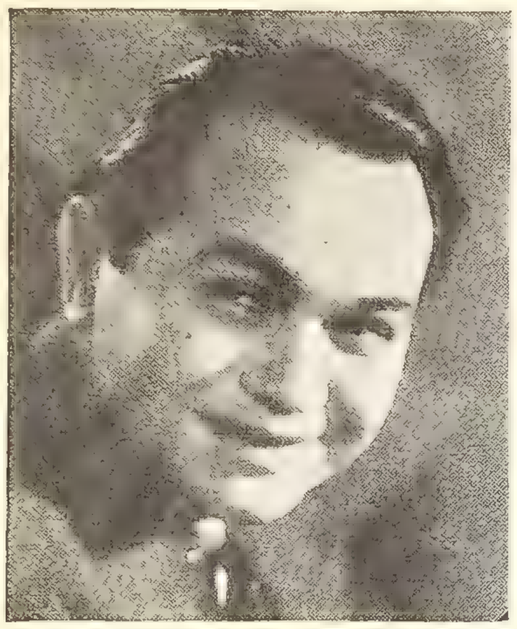

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The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 6

Shearer rôle! Even if she were fairly good, the public wouldn't recognize it, for what they want from ZaSu is the unique personality that she has to give. Or imagine Janet Gaynor in a Lilyan Tashman rôle, or *vice versa*.

I like my stars as I really know them, and, I hope, as they really are!

Juanita Paulk,
710 South 5th St.,
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STANWYCK—A REAL ACTRESS

For me, at any rate, there is no comparing Barbara Stanwyck with any other actress on the screen. Her acting is more subtle and truer to life than that of any other it has been my privilege to see. And, thank heaven, she has not permitted herself to be "typed"!

Three cheers for you, Barbara! I'll always be sincerely for you, whatever the future may bring.

C. Marie Gipsan,
Loyalhanna, Pa.

DON'T BE YOURSELF!

It's the easiest thing in the world to be yourself. To "be" someone entirely different—that's what requires real acting ability.

So it should be the aim of every screen star to hide his own personality—forget all about it until the picture is completed. In fact, it would spell disaster for them, in my estimation, if they were unable to do so.

Evelyn M. Marcille,
1848 State St.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE-FOR-ALL!

If the personality of a star is thrust forward, the result is as unconvincing as kids playing show in a barn for two pins admission.

Fred B. Mann,
Chicago, Ill.

To be a real actor, worthy of the name and proficient in the art, a star must sacrifice his peculiarities of person for those of the rôle to be played.

Lewis D. Fackler,
Roanoke, Va.

Let the stars submerge their personalities? Never! "Emma" would have been a flop without the Dressler personality. "Call Her Savage" is Bow Personality from start to finish. And don't forget ZaSu Pitts!

D. B. Palmer,
Englevale, N. D.

Maybe in the celebrated Bard's day the play *was* the thing. But today is the day of the movies. The star's the thing now!

Barney O'Donnell,
Columbus, Ohio.

The greater the player, the more he submerges the individual. To me that is what makes Garbo an exceptionally fine actress. Glamorous and distinctive as she is, she is able to become in turn, a love-starved wife, a distraught mother, a fading *danseuse*—and each convincingly.

Mary Miller,
Cortland, N. Y.

Femi-Nifties

Continued from page 74

lip. In three shades—light and dark and medium. I like it because it has a smooth oil base. It goes on scrumptiously. And stays on!

And speaking of lipsticks. You know how even the most fastidious of us will sometimes find a lipstick smudge on our gloves, on hankies, even on our dresses. No need now to stew and fuss about that any more. There's a brand new product, called Lix, that removes these stains as quick as a flash. It's a liquid—and just a dab or two does the trick. Thanks, mister—whoever you are—for thinking that up. We're all for you!

Francis Lederer, in that well-known Broadway hit, "Autumn Crocus," tells Dorothy Gish, in the rôle of the pale and pathetically lovely English spinster, that she reminds him of those light lavender flowers that bloom in the Austrian Tyrol in the Fall. Well, as Dorothy Gish sat on the mountain side, against a background of those purple-pale crocuses, we noticed that there was a resemblance. But more than that, . . . the lazy lavender of the flowers did something for Dorothy Gish. They gave her a glow—a warm, purplish tint—that reflected the growing light of the sun.

Ah-ha, we thought to ourselves! Now we understand a little more about what this new orchid powder creation will do for us. We've been hearing a lot about them, you know. Kathleen Mary Quinlan has blended a pale lavender face powder for evening wear. There is another known as "Orchid" by Dorothy Gray. So instead of just thinking about them, and wondering, we rushed out and bought some to try.

Well, to try was to triumph—in this case. I found that after I had put on my regular powder make-up, I could dust on a little of the orchid powder over it, and get a really very glowing effect. You see, stage stars have long used the bluish lavender powders behind the footlights, because it has a certain something that "picks up" all the warm lights around you, and reflects them in twice their glory. You've noticed too, how so many of our finest magazine cover artists shade their lovely ladies' faces with bluish-lavender. When you stop to analyze Connie Bennett on this month's cover of SCREENLAND, you can see the lavender glow that adds so much to her allure. Well, we can all be magazine-cover ladies now . . . with these new powders.

Myrna Loy simply couldn't afford to risk spoiling those elegant accordion pleats by sitting down between scenes for "Man of the Nile." She solved the problem by having this comfortable reclining board made. But Director Sam Woods has to stand up for himself!

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Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10

A Lady's Profession
Paramount

Alison Skipworth and Roland Young, two swell comedians, are enough to guarantee you your money's worth in any picture. Separately, each is a wow; together they're a riot! Here we find them involved in the bootlegging racket. The story is flimsy but the Skipworth-Young team disguise the fact. Sari Maritza and Kent Taylor provide the romance and do it nicely.

Pick Up
Paramount

This begins in a nice sprightly fashion, then suddenly becomes as melodramatic as a moratorium. Sylvia Sidney and George Raft, in the principal rôles, stimulate your interest, however. Raft plays a taxi driver, and Sylvia plays the penniless and homeless gal he "picks up." The story is from the pen of Vina Delmar of "Bad Girl" fame. Lilian Bond is the femme menace.

Broadway Bad
Fox

Joan Blondell has gone serious on us—and we hope it's only temporary because the customers want their Blondell nice and flippant. She plays a misunderstood chorus girl in this one. There's a melodramatic court-room scene in which Joan fights for her chee-ild! Joan's good, but she's better in lighter rôles. Nice work by Ricardo Cortez and Adrienne Ames.

The Woman Accused
Paramount

Or how to get away with murder! In fact, ten famous authors, who collaborated on this story, turned their talents toward getting an acquittal for Nancy Carroll. Nancy kills Louis Calhern, an ex-lover, when he threatens to have her fiance, Cary Grant, murdered. The story is somewhat disjointed—but Nancy, Cary and John Halliday help considerably.

Irene Dunne, wearing this jaunty hat and severely tailored coat, goes modishly militaristic as to clothes!

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 69

LILIAN HARVEY, diminutive English actress, brought with her to Hollywood all of the old-time, glittering equipage common to Hollywood's stars of a few years ago.

She travels about Hollywood in a huge, milk-white automobile every bit as showy as Roscoe Arbuckle's chariot of 1925. The lamp-shades in her dressing room are trimmed with ermine, and are as sensational as the expensive silk draperies and window curtains that once signalized Gloria Swanson's studio bungalow. Miss Harvey also wears bizarre clothes and jewels on all occasions.

PEGGY SHANNON, still confined to her home following a tonsilectomy, was not too ill to write a letter to her fan club, begging the members not to send her a birthday gift.

". . . in such times as these," wrote Peggy, "I would be happier if you would devote the money to a worthy cause, or perhaps to a member of the club who may be in need."

And in such times as these, or any time, such thoughtfulness will endear Miss Shannon to her fans, who are even now engaged in a campaign to bring her more often to the screen.

NOW guess who they are saying is effeminate? None other than our current male sensation, George Raft

George, it appears, uses perfumes profusely, enjoys a vibrator massage before going to bed, and dresses in the fanciest possible pajamas.

Despite these light touches, Raft also handles his fists like a ring champion, and has a punch comparable to the kick of a mule; therefore, people who are whispering that he has his touch of effeminacy are making sure George isn't within hearing range when they talk.

THE one time when it is not difficult to get Joan Crawford in person on the telephone is during the dinner hour.

Joan never takes her place at the table until the 'phone extension has been placed on the floor beside her, and the lovely voice that answers calls during dinner hour is invariably Miss Crawford's. Try it some time—if you can discover her number!

"GULLIVER'S Travels," is being brought to the screen by trick photography . . . Betty Blythe, former star-vamp now returning to screen, spent the past two years on a ranch, where she "polished eggs" for marketing . . . El Brendel, commonly believed to be a Swede, is actually a Pennsylvania Dutchman . . . After years of practice with the implement, Peggy Hopkins Joyce burned her face so severely with a curling iron that temporarily she could not don make-up . . . Bert Wheeler pulled a *faux pas*, when a stranger mentioned that "he followed the horses," by asking, "Where is your white suit?" . . . After betting together on their golf game for almost two months, Richard Dix and his director found that Dix was two dollars ahead . . . Cary Grant was painfully but not seriously injured by a bomb explosion on a set . . . Competition for Bing Crosby: Phil Harris appears in the leading rôle of a picture called "Maiden Cruise."

FIRST, M-G-M produced "Grand Hotel" with Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others. Then Fox produced "State Fair" with Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Louise Dresser and a few more featured players.

Now M-G-M is going Fox one better. The cast of "Dinner At Eight" is the most astounding in film history. As this is being written, the cast, subject to changes, includes Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Lionel and John Barrymore, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closser Hale and Billie Burke.

Everybody in the cast but the studio cat, it seems—and maybe, following the flood of animal pictures, absence of the cat will come as a welcome relief.

JANET GAYNOR, certain critics have hinted, is losing her popularity. But according to the 300,000 members of the National Girl Scouts, the critics are as wet as a duck in a rainstorm.

In a movie star popularity contest, participated in by members of the Girl Scouts in all parts of the country, Janet won a landslide victory, polling more than fifty percent of the total votes cast.

SO SEVERE have been the criticisms of Ely Culbertson as a consequence of his refusal to fulfill that bridge engagement with two of the Marx Brothers, that I feel something should be said in the bridge expert's behalf.

When the challenges were first hurled by the Marx Brothers, Culbertson accepted them as jokes and publicity stunts. But when the comedians crossed signals and ballyhooed the contest as a serious affair, with the championship of Hollywood at stake, Culbertson balked.

Newspapers promptly criticized him for his failure to go on with the match, but to have done so would have been folly for Culbertson. Had he won the match, which is likely, the public would have said, "He should have won; he is a champion." But had the cards run overwhelmingly against Culbertson and his wife—and they might easily have done so—the Marx Brothers would have won and the reputation of Culbertson would have been done immeasurable harm.

In comparison, would Jack Dempsey, when he was world's champion heavyweight fighter, have agreed to battle a dock worker or some other tough bruiser for a purse of a few thousand dollars? Dempsey would not have risked his crown, and neither would Culbertson do so.

I place these facts before readers who are also bridge players, because I feel that they deserve to know the real truth about Culbertson's refusal to go through with a contest that had all the aspects of being a farce comedy.

DO YOU know that Randolph Scott and Cary Grant, who live together, also have the same birthday, January 18th? . . . Betty Furness recommends a delightful breakfast dish: anchovies on scrambled eggs . . . Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler join the Won't-remove-their-wedding-rings wives; in scenes where the rings must be hidden they are taped and painted with make-up . . . Marjorie White wears dark-

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glasses in sunlight to prevent wrinkles . . . Betty Bronson's (remember her?) brother guards the door at one of the studios . . . Henry Ford, who asked for a Greta Garbo autographed photo, has repeated his requests to Marlene Dietrich, Fredric March and Maurice Chevalier . . . Buster Crabbe, "lion man" of "King of the Jungle," was once a life-guard and saved twenty-two lives in one year . . . Sylvia Sidney admits her favorite "hate" is to be surprised by "candid camera" wielders outside restaurants and theatres . . . Robert Montgomery is, of all things, an expert marble shooter . . . Benita Hume had an annoying appendix removed . . . Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert bicycle together daily when they're not working . . . Anita Page has a baseball autographed by members of the New York Giants, who trained near Los Angeles.

STRIFE that threatened the happiness of John Gilbert's marriage to Virginia Bruce has apparently been sidetracked, perhaps by the fact that Virginia's baby will arrive soon.

At any rate, John will not lunch at the studio daily until he has talked to Virginia on the telephone, and invariably he wreathes his face in smiles after those conversations. Of course, Gilbert is famous for lightning changes, and before this can appear in print he may show a complete reversal of his present form.

PARADOXICALLY, Buck Jones, probably most popular of the current Western cowboy stars, is the only one of that group who has always lived in city apartments or houses.

Only recently did Jones decide really to "go Western," and with that in view he purchased a ranch near Hollywood. Of considerable interest is the fact that the Buck Jones Rangers Club has a membership of more than two million. With headquarters in theatres throughout the world, this club has become a powerful factor in popularizing Buck's pictures.

A NICE prize to the person who convinces William Gargan that it really pays to rescue dogs.

Gargan passed the Los Angeles city pound one day and was attracted by the sad eyes of a hound already sentenced to the gas house. The actor went inside, paid the pup's fine and emerged with a new pet —and no place to keep it.

Bill took the dog home and temporarily loosed him in the house. Meanwhile, Gargan went to the studio. On his return, he discovered that the dog had opened a package of laundry and completely ruined half a dozen fine shirts.

A SHARP retort, that of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to the writer of his most recent script. It followed the preview, when the writer said to Doug, "What became of that dirty gag I put in?"

"You'll find it on the cutting-room floor," said Fairbanks, Jr., "along with the mud and tobacco juice."

COMES now the question: Does a baby grow up to be a better man or woman if its earliest years are spent in a nursery whose walls are decorated with animals or Mother Goose characters?

Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen think not, and the room they added to their home for their first child is ultra-modern. Simplicity is the keynote, and is abetted by light, ventilation, and sanitation. If you think the room isn't the last word, please be advised that a physician as well as an architect aided the Arlens in drawing up the nursery plans.

Columbia Pictures

Make up your mind, Evalyn! Pretty little Miss Knapp has us just a little bewildered with this contrast of a demure, high-necked, puff-shouldered blouse and very modern silken legs below. See her in "State Trooper."

NEWS IN NUT-SHELLS: Director William Wellman property-settled $30,000 on his divorced wife . . . Roscoe Arbuckle's first series of short comedies were hits; he has signed for a new group . . . Sally Eilers, following Marian Nixon's example, has parted company with her husband, Hoot Gibson. The two girls are chums . . . Income tax liens against Gloria Swanson charge the actress with owing $49,426 on her 1931 income tax . . . Practically all stars and featured players signed agreements for a 50% salary cut . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay are co-starring in "Tattle Tales," musical comedy now on road . . . Anna Q. Nilsson, famous years ago as "Anna Q." is making a stage come-back . . . Janet Gaynor filed suit for divorce from Lydell Peck, charging cruelty . . . California orphanage really took Marian Nixon's adopted child from her following her filing of divorce charges against her husband.

WHEN Paramount actors and actresses are discovered to be absent from their sets during late-afternoon hours, calls are put in for Carole Lombard's dressing room.

Carole serves tea about five o'clock daily, and among those who may usually be found scattered about her dressing rooms are Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Wynne Gibson, Jack Oakie, Miriam Hopkins, and a dozen or so others.

NOW I understand why the walls of the sound stages in the studios were constructed so thick. Wandering onto the Paramount lot, I was startled to hear the most raucous music in the air. The sounds emanated from Dressing Room Row, and investigation proved that Marlene Dietrich's phonograph and records were responsible.

Marlene has a penchant for German records, and when she is in her dressing room, the toots and blares of German horns may be heard throughout the studio.

THE fun-feud between Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin seems to have no ending. One day not long ago Jack mentioned that he intended to have a sculptor model him in clay.

"I don't see why," murmured Erwin, edging for the door. "You're a big bust already."

IN FORTHCOMING pictures, by the way, Fay Wray and Kay Francis depict what we may expect in the womanhood of future years.

Fay plays a woman lawyer in "Rules for Wives," and Kay enacts the rôle of a woman physician in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Misses Wray and Francis respectively spent days in court and local hospitals in efforts to gain keener insights into their screen characterizations.

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about YOU? shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY--- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

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EXPLANATION:
Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: "*Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions*" by *Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*

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